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**SHAKESPEARE'S
COMPLETE SONNETS**

③

Shakespeare's Complete Sonnets

A NEW ARRANGEMENT

WITH AN INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

BY

C. M. WALSH

T. FISHER UNWIN

LONDON

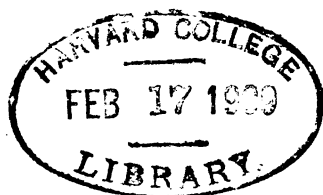
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Shakespeare's Complete Sonnets

INTRODUCTION

IMPORTED from France, whither it had spread from Italy, there broke out in England during the last decade of the sixteenth century almost a rage for the writing of sonnets. Every one who aspired to the name of poet indulged in the practice. Shakespeare succumbed to the fashion to the extent even of inserting sonnets in his plays. Some he introduced avowedly as pieces written and spoken by the persons on the stage and addressed to one another. Three such he put in *Love's Labor Lost*; and in *All's Well That Ends Well* he has a letter written in the form of a sonnet. In *Romeo and Juliet* he makes a chorus recite two sonnets for prologues; and in *Henry V.* he adds an epilogue in that form. Furthermore, he sometimes composed the speeches and even the dialogue of his *dramatis personæ* in the versification which he employed for

sonnets. The form of Shakespeare's sonnets, the one then commonly adopted in England, was of a peculiarly conventional character. It consisted of three quatrains with alternate rimes, closed by a riming couplet. Exactly why two such quatrains, or four, with a closing couplet, should not be a sonnet, it is difficult to see, except that it is only three times four *plus* two that makes up the regulation fourteen lines of the Italian sonnet. The business of the couplet was to sum up and clinch the preceding matter, and, if possible, to add a climax, although it not seldom descended into bathos. Such a couplet might come after any quatrain where it appeared appropriate; and if it happened to come after three quatrains, we have the sonnet of this sort. Shakespeare always retained *ad libitum* the use of closing rimed couplets, even after blank verse, at the end of scenes. But he soon, and even before giving up continuous rime, abandoned the use, in his plays, of alternate rimes in quatrains. The poem of *Venus and Adonis* he wrote in stanzas consisting of a single quatrain with a closing couplet. Such stanzas occur frequently in his earliest plays, not only as professed verses,¹ but embedded and hidden in the course of the

¹ *Love's Labor Lost*, IV. ii. 58-63; *Taming of the Shrew*, III. ii. 73-8; *As You Like It*, V. iv. 147-52.

conversation.¹ Two quatrains closed by a couplet are nearly as frequent.² Three quatrains with a closing couplet, forming sonnets, are met with but thrice.³ Besides these, occur four quatrains capped by a couplet in *Love's Labor Lost* (V. ii. 339-56), and in the same play (V. ii. 394-415) five similarly capped. Here, by leaving off the first one and the first two quatrains, respectively, we have the Shakespearean sonnet again. More than these twelve sonnets cannot be discovered in the plays. But in *Love's Labor Lost* (IV. iii. 222-89) we find seventeen successive quatrains without any closing couplet (although they are preceded by an introductory couplet), and in the *Comedy of Errors* (III. i. 1-54) thirteen, followed by several couplets. In the latter appears nothing that has the nature of a sonnet ;

¹ *Love's Labor Lost*, I. i. 61-6, 74-91, IV. i. 90-5, iii. 214-19, V. iii. 592-7 [V. ii. 565-71 is the stanza of *Lucrece*, with an added line after the fourth, borrowed from Spencer] ; *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, III. i. 109-14 [III. i. 95-9, 202-6 are quatrains closed by a single line only] ; *Romeo and Juliet*, I. ii. 93-8.

² *Love's Labor Lost*, I. i. 134-43 ; *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, III. i. 140-9 ; *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, V. 108-17, 143-52, 190-200.

³ *Love's Labor Lost*, I. i. 80-93, 163-76 (really followed by a triplet, but the last line is not essential) ; *Romeo and Juliet*, I. v. 95-108 (followed by one more quatrain). [Three quatrains without a closing couplet also in *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, V. 128-39, 171-82.]

but in the former the quatrains seem twice to be forming themselves into sonnets when they are interrupted and broken off.¹ Thus only in eight plays are quatrains, and in only four of these are sonnets, to be found; and these are early plays, with the exception of *All's Well That Ends Well* and *Henry V.*, which belong to the middle period. But in one of the latest, *Cymbeline*, in a passage supposed to be spurious, quatrains reappear. Here the ghostly visitant makes an address in five quatrains followed by a single line riming with the second and last of the last quatrain (V. iv. 93-113); and the last three quatrains, with this single line, just fall short of forming a sonnet.

Shakespeare did not confine himself to the sonnets which he published in his plays. The poets of his day, following the example set by Sidney and his precursors Wyatt and Surrey, professed the practice of circulating their sonnets privately, although some broke through this custom, and an occasional piratical publisher stole and published those of others. In 1598 a writer, Francis Meres, mentioned along with other works of Shakespeare "his sugared sonnets

¹ *Love's Labor Lost*, IV. iii. 234-46, thirteen lines of a sonnet; 254-65, twelve lines of a sonnet.

among his private friends." Shakespeare himself in the last line of Sonnet 49 (of the present arrangement) says he purposed "not to sell"; and again in Sonnet 133, lines 3-4, objected to merchandising his love by "publishing it everywhere." Evidently he had no intention of publishing the "sugared," that is, the laudatory love sonnets alluded to by Meres. Yet in 1599 a bookseller named Haggard published seven of Shakespeare's sonnets—two that had already appeared in a play, three that we owe to him alone, and two more that were later included in the larger collection to be noticed presently. These were sent forth in a piratical medley, with the meaningless title of *The Passionate Pilgrim*, which contained other sonnets and poems by divers poets, previously printed, but all bound together in a compilation ascribed solely to Shakespeare. Several years now passed without our hearing further about Shakespeare's sonnets, and in fact the fashion for sonneteering had already faded, when, in 1609, a bookseller named Thomas Thorpe (as we learn from the registration of the work) published a hundred and fifty-three sonnets and a quasi madrigal (which was treated as a sonnet, making the total of a hundred and fifty-four), along with a poem called *A Lover's Complaint*, and to the whole gave the

title (for such it has been styled) of "Shakespeare's Sonnets. Never before imprinted." The book contains no preface ; but it has a dedication, which reads as follows: "To the only begetter of these insuing sonnets Mr. W. H. all happiness and that eternity promised by our ever-living poet wisheth the well-wishing adventurer in setting forth. T. T." The sonnets are merely numbered : not a title is prefixed to any of them, nor a word of explanation or note of any sort appended. The general title (or rather want of title, since no name is applied to the collection), and the dedication by the publisher instead of the poet, show that this was an unauthorised edition ; which is further attested by its numerous misprints (for misprints are rare in the two poems which Shakespeare himself published).

The title-page, it is worth noting, makes an oversight in not mentioning the *Lover's Complaint*, and a direct misstatement in saying without qualification that these sonnets were "never before imprinted," since two of them, as already told, had previously been printed by Haggard. In the dedication the words "only begetter" properly mean "only inspirer." Shakespeare himself, at the end of Sonnet 146, says of his verses that "the pain" was his, but "the praise"

belonged to the person addressed ; as also to the latter, in the tenth line of Sonnet 150, he ascribes the "influence." Thorpe's dedication carried out the metaphor, and treats the sonnets as if "Mr. W. H." was the father and Shakespeare the mother of the insuing (or issuing) sonnets—of all of them, since here, too, is no qualifying term. Yet a cursory inspection of the sonnets would disclose that by no means all of them could be thus begotten or inspired by one man, since some were addressed to a woman, some to the poet himself, and some to nobody. Both the title-page and the dedication partake of the slovenliness of the press-work.

In 1640, twenty-four years after Shakespeare's death, all but eight of these sonnets were reprinted in a collection denominated "Poems: written by Wil. Shakespeare, Gent." Here were included many pieces not written by Shakespeare. The sonnets were rearranged, and grouped under fanciful titles carelessly chosen, which afford no aid in interpreting them ; and they suffer from lack of numbering. Some of Thorpe's misprints are corrected, and occasionally a "he" is changed into a "she," feminising the addressee. It may be interesting to add that in 1709 was printed another independent edition of Shake-

speare's poems, in which, on the title-page, the sonnets are described as "all of them in praise of his mistress." Carelessness and bungling seem to have pursued these unrecognised offspring of Shakespeare's genius. The edition of 1640 was generally followed in the republications of Shakespeare's works, till Stevens in 1766 reverted to the edition of 1609. This edition of 1609, in quarto form, the only one published in Shakespeare's lifetime, has since come to be recognised as the standard. It is usually referred to as the Quarto.

The condition in which this edition presents us Shakespeare's hundred and fifty odd sonnets is most unsatisfactory. Imagine even if the eighteen sonnets of Milton had been handed down without any superscriptions indicative of the persons addressed or of the occasions on which they were composed : how difficult it would be to make out their meaning ! Had Wordsworth's three or four hundred come to us in such naked shape, their case would have been hopeless ! The slightest title imposed by the poet himself, with an occasional authoritative date, has a value which we hardly appreciate until we deal with such wastrels as Shakespeare's sonnets, that offer no such aids. Consequently these sonnets present a mystery and set a

problem. But here we need to be precise. Too commonly have these sonnets been treated, all in one body, as presenting one mystery and setting one problem. This procedure is wrong. Nobody would have thought of so treating Milton's or Wordsworth's sonnets, had they been transmitted to us in like manner; and there is no sense in so treating Shakespeare's. A few of Shakespeare's sonnets obviously belong together in clusters of two, of three, in one case of sixteen. Such clusters, and all isolated sonnets, are mysteries in themselves, and set so many problems. In the attempts to elucidate these sonnets the failure to perceive this diversity has been the cause of much aberration.

This peculiar treatment of Shakespeare's sonnets has been due to reliance upon the misleading dedication his unscrupulous "setter forth" or first editor prefixed to them, which has biased subsequent editors and commentators in a wrong direction. It is evident to the casual reader of the sonnets, in their Quarto arrangement, that those which follow No. 126 are addressed mostly to a woman. Admitting this much (and one recent editor has called these sonnets an Appendix !), the editors have generally asserted, solely on Thorpe's testimony, that all the first one hundred

and twenty-six sonnets were addressed to a man—to one man. Then they have hunted for that man. The dedication describes him as "Mr. W. H." Several of the sonnets play upon the various meanings of Shakespeare's nickname "Will," even stamping the pun by capitalising and italicising the word; and two of them seem to indicate that the name also of the friend in them addressed was Will. Thus is evolved a Mr. William H. One of the sonnets (here the 19th) capitalises and italicises the word "*Hews*" in such a way that, in spite of the frequency of capitals and italics in the Quarto, it has suggested a similar hint at this family name (otherwise spelt Hughes). Thus has been developed a Mr. William Hughes. But, though several men bearing this name have been found in existence at that time, none of them had anything distinctive about them. A few of the sonnets treat the person addressed (in them!) as a personage of some importance. No William Hughes of any importance is known. Some of the sonnets treat their addressee as a patron. These open an entirely new line for guessing. Shakespeare dedicated his *Venus and Adonis* and his *Lucrece* to the Earl of Southampton, whose name was Henry Wriothesley. Here are the initials H. W., merely an inversion of those of

the "Mr." in question. Did not Thorpe invert them on purpose? He may have desired to disguise a name he was using without authorisation. Or perhaps he was authorised to use the name on condition of disguising it. How easy to make such suppositions! Moreover, the initials of the name and of the title, H. W. E. of S., give us the letters composing the cryptic word "Hews." There! it is proved! No, say another set. The Folio edition of Shakespeare's plays, appearing only seven years after his death, was by its publishers dedicated, because of the favour with which they had "prosecuted" both the plays and "their author living," to two brothers, one of whom was the Earl of Pembroke, by name William Herbert. Here, they exclaim triumphantly, are the W. H. in their right order, and also the name Will, exactly fitting the two chief requirements. And if you wish to satisfy the third by making out the word "Hews," how natural would it have been for Shakespeare to intertwine his own initials with the first two letters of his friend's surname, *He. W. S.* How simple again! To match and surpass which, the others point out that *He.* better stands for the first two letters of the patron-friend's Christian name, and then the *W.* would stand for both the initial of his surname and the initial of Shake-

speare's first name, thus fusing the two full names together in what they had in common. Ignoring this pretty scheme, the advocates of Pembroke bring forward that this earl had a mistress, Mary Fitton, who might have been Shakespeare's mistress first, and have been lured away from him by the nobleman's superior attractions, as in the episode of the Dark Lady narrated in some of the sonnets. How easy ! And this wench possibly was a brunette, though portraits left of her seem, at least in the eyes of the others, to make her out blonde ! Southampton was born in 1573, Pembroke in 1580. Eighteen being taken as the earliest age at which a youth was likely to inspire devotion in a literary client, the sonnets, if addressed to the latter, could not have been written before 1598 ; and as the person is sometimes described as extremely young, if addressed to the former, they could hardly have been begun later than 1594. Immediately the Southamptonists, as the one set of speculators have been called, proclaim that the sonnets (all of them, mind you, or at least the bulk of them) show signs of youthfulness and of inexperience with the pen (the "pupil pen" of Sonnet 33) ; and the Pembrokeists, the other set, pronounce them works of consummate skill and maturity, conformable to the

"wrinkles" and "furrows" he complains of on his face (in 29 and 89)—which is drawing a fine distinction within four years, between Shakespeare's twenty-ninth and thirty-third years of age! They even find the similitudes with passages in the plays, the one set, to be with plays written between 1591 and 1596, the other with plays written between 1598 and 1603. Such is the force in a conclusion to shove reason backward up-stream!

Now, to an impartial new-comer in this dispute, it is evident that all such reasoning is without foundation. The "Mr. W. H." of Thorpe's dedication, as has been often pointed out, could not possibly be a nobleman. "W. H." could have represented the initials of a person of any rank; but "Mr." was in those days itself the designation of a particular rank, extending even beneath that of "Gent.," or gentleman, by including master-craftsmen: it was itself a title, coveted by inferior orders, but despised by those above. We know little about Thorpe himself. Perhaps the most characteristic bit of knowledge we have about him is that in thirty words he made two misstatements. It is perfectly possible that such an inaccurate penman should have used words incorrectly, and have grandiloquently written "only begetter" when he

meant "only getter" or procurer. Mr. W. H. would then merely be the person who got the sonnets for Thorpe to publish. Recently Mr. Sidney Lee has unearthed a Mr. William Hall, who was engaged in other enterprises of this piratical nature, to which he signed himself "W. H." It is significant that the wish of "that eternity promised by our ever-living poet" omits to say "promised him": the eternity was also being filched. An earlier German commentator (Barnstorff) has contributed to the gaiety of scholars by suggesting that "Mr. W. H." stands for "Mr. Will [Shakespeare] himself," who certainly was the only begetter or conceiver of all the sonnets; and this idea, strange to say, has recently been re-originated by Mr. Parke Godwin. Others have found W. H.'s in a William Hervey, in a William Hammond, in a William Hunnis; of whom mention is made in records of the period; as also in Shakespeare's brother-in-law, William Hathaway, and in his nephew, William Hart; while a couple of commentators (Ingleby, followed by Barnes) have disposed of the whole matter by taking the H to be a misprint for S. If "Mr. W. H." really represents a friend of Shakespeare's, to whom *some*, and perhaps many, of the sonnets were addressed, it would be pleasant to think, with the Southamptonists

supposing the disguise to be employed of inverting the initials, that it was Henry Willobie (or Willoughby), whose surname also supplies the desiderated "Will," the gentle author of the pretty poem edited by a friend in 1594, with the title of "Willobie His Avisa"; in which, in the dedication, Shakespeare's name is unequivocally mentioned for the first time in history, and in which one of the characters is designated by the initials "W. S." and gives advice to "H. W." precisely like what is found, and in the same metre, in one of the little poems (unquestionably Shakespeare's) included in *The Passionate Pilgrim*. But all these speculations are vain. One suggestion is as good as another; which means that one is as bad as another, and none good at all. The bases are nugatory, Thorpe's dedication being worthless, the "Will" pun satisfied by Shakespeare's own name, and the capital and italics of "*Hews*" in one sonnet nowise strange in the Quarto. As a cryptogram, this word is no better than the "Rose" of several other sonnets, likewise capitalised and once italicised. As well say that Shakespeare's friend was somebody named William Rose!

As for the sonnets themselves, there is nothing in the first hundred and twenty-six (including the madrigal)

to show that they all refer to one man, or even to men, and it is highly improbable that they were all addressed to the same person. Meres alluded to Shakespeare's sonnets circulating "among his private friends." Is it likely that his friends would have cared for them if they confined their address to one only amongst them? Shakespeare may have written other sonnets beside those which have been preserved for us by the piratical publisher. But it would be strange if those addressed to a single man (and a few more to a woman in connection with him) were the sole survivors from the general wreck. The sonnets after the 126th in Thorpe's arrangements are admitted to be addressed to a woman. Then Thorpe's insinuation that the sonnets were addressed to, or inspired by, only one begetter, is wrong; and if wrong with regard to the sonnets after the 126th, why not wrong with regard to the sonnets before the 126th? The amount of fatuity that has been written on this subject is surprising. A recent editor has asserted that a certain theory about the sonnets "fails because it obliges adherents to deny that all the first group of sonnets [1-126] are addressed to the same person." And why not? Thorpe's authority? We have seen its incompetence. Internal evidence? There is none.

When were poets confined to one object of friendship or love? The same editor elsewhere says of the contemporary sonneteers, Samuel Daniel and Michael Drayton, whose sonnets were indicated by the titles of their collections to be addressed, each, to a single individual, that, "as their series grew from decade to decade 'Delia' and 'Idea' still 'served to grace their measure,' though perhaps Chloe or another was their real 'flame.'" But Shakespeare, the "honey-tongued," the sweetly flattering Shakespeare, alone among poets is to be confined, beyond a single mistress, to a solitary friend—and this on the ambiguous testimony of a piratical publisher who gives only his own initials and only the initials of the friend, and in thirty words manages to squeeze in two mistakes! Surely this is driving the pseudo-philosophic desire for unity too far. Shakespeare himself, in Sonnet 168, speaks of his "lovers," in the plural. On the other hand, in three other sonnets (135, 148, 149) he assevers that he sings only and always of "you." But could it not be true that at one time he sang, and intended to sing, only of one person, at another only of another, and at still another only of another still?—and what more was ever demanded of a poet, beyond expressing truly the

sentiment felt at the moment of writing? Even the amatory Ovid vowed—

Nec, nisi tu, nostris cantabitur ulla libellis :
Ingenio causas tu dabis una meo.

Amores, II. xvii. 33-4.

Or if those three sonnets were all addressed to one and the same person in the course of a year or two, or even three, would that prevent Shakespeare from writing other sonnets to other persons, if not before, at least afterward?

Biographical value the sonnets might have had, had they at the beginning been edited with genuine superscriptions and with authentic dates. Such value, too, they might have acquired ere this, had any of the theories they evoke been corroborated by external evidence; and might still acquire, were such evidence still to be discovered. All sorts of possibilities have been imagined as explaining them. For completeness, it may be added that a couple of editors—Gerald Massey and Butler—have taken some of the sonnets to have been written by Shakespeare for friends, to be used by them as their own—which Massey called “dramatic sonnets.” There could be no end to conjecture along such lines. Now, when two or more explanations are

equally possible, we really have no explanation. It is like the solution of a single algebraic equation with two unknown quantities: for the very reason that the solutions are infinite, there is no solution. What persons and events the sonnets refer to, and how truthfully they refer to them, are quantities which play against each other indefinitely. If we could obtain a pivot somewhere from outside sources, everything might become fixed and certain. But English erudition has not proved equal to the occasion.

Meanwhile we must not let our prose imagination run riot. Poetical language may do so, and especially Elizabethan poetical language did so, in exaggerated expressions. "Mistress" is a term applicable to any woman a poet admires and is willing to serve, or to swear he will serve, for a time—and the service may be no more than writing verses to her star-excelling eyes. Shakespeare's relations with the dark mistress he sings of, do not appear from any of his sonnets to have been very close. He abuses her much more than he praises her. There is no indication of infidelity to his marriage vows. Much dearer to him (and here without any possibility of such infidelity) appears a friend whom he calls his "love," and speaks of himself as the "lover." But "love" and "lover" meant no

more than "friendship" and "friend." The terms "lover" and "friend" Shakespeare uses interchangeably in Sonnets 158 and 168. In the play of *Julius Cæsar* he makes Brutus address the Roman populace as "Romans, countrymen, and lovers," and Antony address the same audience as "Friends, Romans, countrymen"; in which the synonymy of "lovers" and "friends" is evident. A recent editor, the late Mr. Butler, supposed there were improper relations between Shakespeare and the friend, and to excuse Shakespeare he assumed this *liaison*, and consequently the sonnets narrating it (all but four or five), to have been early, placing them in 1585-8, when the poet was twenty-one to twenty-four years old, and the friend, at the beginning, a mere boy; and also represented that Shakespeare bitterly repented it. If such had been a fact, it is probable that Shakespeare's enemies would have left record of it. If such had been the fact *and* we had record of it, it would make many things clear; but as we have no such record of it, it is a mere putative possibility, like any one of the many putative possibilities which Epicurus and Lucretius raked up for explaining every natural phenomenon. If anything improper, in the Greek style, is to be found in the sonnets, it must first be put there from without. It

is not necessarily, nor even plausibly, there ; and ought not to be put there gratuitously. If five-sixths of the sonnets were addressed to a man, the exaggeration of Elizabethan poetical language should be allowed for. For not making such allowance (after swallowing the idea that so many of the sonnets were addressed to one man), Hallam expressed regret that Shakespeare ever wrote the sonnets. It was wasted regret. There is no good reason for believing that so many of the sonnets were addressed to one man. But let us suppose they were, or at least addressed to men : in these sonnets seems to be discernible a distinction between the reciprocated affection for a friend and the obsequious devotion to a patron. Such devotion, however, the poets of the period had a habit of magnifying into friendship and love, as if it were repaid, humouring themselves with a harmless invention. Therefore the line was not clearly drawn, and it is not distinguishable with the evidence we should desire. Consequently it is possible that Shakespeare addressed his sonnets, such as are addressed to a man, all to the same person, and that person a sole patron. This is a possibility, mind : that is all. It is not a probability. Equally possible, and more probable, is it, that some were addressed to a friend and others to a patron—

that some were addressed to several friends, both male and female, and others—why not?—to several patrons; and even a patroness is within the range of possibility. We know of Shakespeare having at least two patrons. Is it likely that he should have addressed sonnets to one of them and not to the other? The Southamptonists and the Herbertists may both be partly, but not exclusively, right. Shakespeare may have averred in 1594 that he sang only the praises of Southampton. This would not hinder him in 1598 singing the praises of Pembroke, or then telling Pembroke that he praised him only—or doing the same to Pembroke's Countess. And Sonnet 145 may very well have been addressed to Southampton, without rendering it the least less likely that Sonnet 160 was addressed to Pembroke.

The dates of composition of the sonnets are likewise unknown, and involve, not one, but as many problems, almost, as there are sonnets; for those in the same group, as treating the same subject, may have been written at different periods:—sonnets written during absence, for instance, need not have been written during the same absence, or from the same person. The bias of unification has here, too, prevailed. In one of the sonnets (137) Shakespeare speaks of its being three years since he first met the friend

addressed. Upon this the commentators have seized as indicating that the writing of the sonnets covered a period of three years—as though Shakespeare must have begun writing as soon as he met that person, or as though he could not have written to others long before, and to this person, as well as to others, long afterward. The known facts are these: that the sonneteering mania began after the publication of Sidney's *Astrophel and Stella* in 1591; that Shakespeare then introduced sonnets into several of his plays, and used the same kind of versification in as many more and in a couple of poems; that Meres alluded to Shakespeare's unpublished sonnets in 1598; that a few were published in 1599, and the rest of those we possess in 1609, in both cases without permission. What is probable is that Shakespeare wrote some of the sonnets which he did not himself publish, as well as those which he did, near the beginning of that outbreak; and what is perfectly possible is that he continued to write sonnets, for his own amusement and the delight of his intimate friends, and perhaps with a view to ingratiating himself with personages of importance, for many years after he saw the impropriety of putting this sort of verse into his plays. There are three tests for determining the period of a

writing, when it is not shown by the date of publication. These are : (1) allusions, if it contain any, to public or private events historically known to us ; (2) similarity of ideas and words, if such occur, with ideas and words in other writings of the same author (in Shakespeare's case, in his poems and plays), the dates of which are known, or at least better determined than the one in question ; (3) general style of thought and language, whether juvenile, mature, or senile. Now, all these tests, applied to Shakespeare's sonnets, string them out over a tract of time beginning at least as early as 1592 and extending as late as 1603 and possibly 1605. The first test can be applied to very few of them, and with little precision even to these, as Shakespeare's allusions to current events are scant and vague. The second is not altogether satisfactory, since in the same sonnet may occur similitudes with passages in widely separated plays. The parallel passages range over the whole cycle of the plays, and at all events cannot be invoked to show that the writing of the majority of the sonnets was confined to such a short period as three years, or to place such a period either at an early or at a late date. The third is only a very rough test, that may be employed with some degree of certainty,

within wide periods, when applied to long writings like the plays, but with less assurance when applied to such short pieces as the individual sonnets. Yet the same characteristics that have led the editors to arrange the plays in a tolerably well-agreed-upon series are traceable in the sonnets. Those characteristics are, that in his early writings Shakespeare showed a command of language superior to his thought, that in his middle period his language and thought matched each other, and that in his last period his thought outran the power of expression. Sonnet 129 in the Quarto (here 163) exhibits the characteristic of the last period, and Sonnet 145 in the Quarto (here 6) that of the first period, as plainly as do the *Tempest* and the *Comedy of Errors*. Within the extremes, however, it is not possible by this test to determine even the approximate place of any sonnet.

Thorpe's arrangement of the sonnets is as poor as could be expected of a purloiner who published stolen goods without a title, without a preface, and without a note, but with innumerable misprints and with two misstatements in the little information he did vouchsafe to give. We need not hesitate to pronounce it worthless. It is neither chronological

nor according to subjects. It opens with the longest of the possible groups of sonnets, and so at the start conveys the impression of orderliness—a clever trick, which has deceived most of the subsequent editors. For the bell-wether was chosen one of the most striking of the sonnets, so that the series at once plunges *in medias res*. But after this group there is a breaking up and a scattering. Occasionally two or three sonnets which obviously treat of the same subject and of which one is a direct continuation of another are brought into juxtaposition; but these can be matched by others that plainly belong together and are placed apart. Almost all editors have complained of the inappropriate position of some particular sonnets. It is strange they do not admit unauthoritativeness in the entire sequence. Yet nothing can be plainer than that Thorpe's arrangement of the sonnets is of no more help to our understanding of their development than is the Folio-editors' arrangement of the plays.

The vogue of sonneteering which prevailed at the end of the sixteenth century and which ran over somewhat into the seventeenth, has almost been duplicated in the interest aroused in the sonnets then produced, and especially in Shakespeare's, toward

the end of the nineteenth century, and extending into the present. Within the last fifty years have appeared more editions of Shakespeare's sonnets than during the two and a half centuries previously elapsed since their original publication. They have been made the object of special research, such as was never devoted to them before. Several of the more recent editions and commentaries have been drawn upon for this edition. Indebtedness must be acknowledged especially to Mr. Tyler for his facsimile reproduction of the text of the Quarto; to Professor Dowden for his survey of previous editions; to Mr. Wyndham for his attention to the punctuation of the text, and for his interpretation of the meaning by aid of contemporary philosophical and variously technical ideas and phraseology; to Mr. Sidney Lee for his study of contemporary and preceding sonneteering in England and on the Continent; to Mr. Beeching for one brilliant emendation and for many common-sense suggestions; and to Mr. Parke Godwin for his boldness in ascribing many of the sonnets usually regarded as addressed to a man, to a woman, and even to Shakespeare's wife (in which he was forestalled more moderately by Knight and Hudson). Mr. Godwin is the only recent editor, since Cartwright (1859) and

Massey (1866) and the French and German translators, François-Victor Hugo and Bodenstedt (both in 1862), and the German commentator, Stengel (1881), who has ventured upon a complete re-arrangement of the sonnets without any respect to Thorpe's arrangement. Mr. Butler had also made an arrangement of his own ; but he held that Thorpe erred from the actual chronological order in only a few instances, and he followed Thorpe perhaps more obediently than any other editor. Other editors, while keeping Thorpe's time-honoured arrangement, have not insisted so keenly upon its giving either the exact chronological or a fairly logical order, although Professor Dowden has upheld the latter position, and in the Temple Edition Professor Gollancz offers an analytical scheme, making the best of a bad case. Mr. Acheson, in his work on "Shakespeare and the Rival Poet," has also found fault with many details in Thorpe's arrangement, without attempting a new one. To these a debt is due for most of the parallel and illustrative passages quoted in the notes in this edition. Such quotations have been accumulating from editor to editor from Steevens and Malone down ; wherefore no endeavour, save in very few cases, has here been made to trace their ultimate derivation, on account of the difficulty of

doing so accurately. Yet a few, especially those from other authors, are of the present editor's own gleanings. The text here presented contains no emendations not already adopted or proposed, and, following Mr. Wyndham's example, sometimes returns to the Quarto reading, discarding emendations already commonly accepted. The notes make no reference to emendations that have merely corrected obvious misprints, nor to the older emendations proper that have been incorporated into all modern editions. The original spelling is retained in those cases where modern usage has not improved upon the older style. In the past and other tenses the *e*'s are not elided uselessly and their places cumbrously marked by raised commas, where the pronunciation is unaffected by their presence. And where poetical licence indulges in sounding an *e* which in prose is silent, this is marked by an accent over it. Similarly marked are syllables accented differently from present usage.

This edition aims at arranging the sonnets primarily according to their subjects, without any illusive theory about the many points on which information would be welcome if derived from historical sources. It is the first edition which in a single compilation includes all the sonnets of Shakespeare that have

come down to us. No attempt is here made to give them in an exact chronological order, success in such an undertaking being absolutely unattainable, and the endeavour itself being unnecessary, since few poets have ever arranged their minor poems in the exact order in which they were written. Here at best it can be claimed that in a general way (which would not preclude other arrangements from being equally good) the sonnets follow the chronological order as closely as poets are in the habit of publishing their lighter pieces. Most of the sonnets in the first Section are known to be early ones. Those in the last Section exhibit the marks of having been written at any time after Shakespeare's sonneteering talent had reached its full power. These are miscellaneous assemblages of early and of late sonnets. As for the intervening Sections, where the sonnets fall into well-defined groups, it is permissible to conjecture that these groups were to some extent composed in the order here given ; for, of course, in many cases there may be overlappings. But no assurance can be had in this matter. Many, if not all, of the sonnets in Section VII. may have been written before those in Section VI. ; yet the change of subject recommends their being placed later, even if they were

known to have been composed earlier. The chronological order, to repeat, is of slight importance. The principal thing is to put the sonnets in a satisfactory arrangement according to subjects, so that they flow one from another with the fewest breaks and mutually interpret one another ; and to add headings which introduce them without danger of misleading the reader. It is believed that this is the right way to enable him to appreciate the beauty of these little poems.

I

EARLY MISCELLANEOUS SONNETS

Love Sonnets

I

So sweet a kiss the golden sun gives not
To those fresh morning drops upon the rose,
As thy eye-beams, when their fresh rays have smote
The dew of night that on my cheeks down flows ;

Nor shines the silver moon one half so bright
Through the transparent bosom of the deep,
As doth thy face through tears of mine give light.
Thou shinest in every tear that I do weep,

No drop but as a coach doth carry thee ;
So ridest thou triumphant in my woe.
Do but behold the tears that swell in me,
And they thy glory through my grief will show.

But do not love thyself ; then thou wilt keep
My tears for glasses, and still make me weep.

2

DID not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye,
 'Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument,
Persuade my heart to this false perjury?
 Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment.

A woman I forswore ; but I will prove,
 Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee :
My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love ;
 Thy grace being gained cures all disgrace in me.

Vows are but breath, and breath a vapor is ;
 Then thou, fair sun, which on my earth dost shine,
Exhalest this vapor vow ; in thee it is.
 If broken, then it is no fault of mine ;

If by me broke, what fool is not so wise
To lose an oath to win a paradise ?

3

If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love ?

O never faith could hold, if not to beauty vowed :
Though to myself forsworn, to thee I'll faithful prove ;
Those thoughts to me were oaks, to thee like
osiers bowed.

Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thine eyes,
Where all those pleasures live that art can comprehend.

If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice ;
Well learned is that tongue that well can thee commend,

All ignorant that soul that sees thee without wonder ;
Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts admire :

Thy eye Jove's lightning bears, thy voice his dreadful thunder,
Which, not to anger bent, is music and sweet fire.

Celestial as thou art, O pardon love this wrong,
That sings heaven's praise with such an earthly tongue.

4

STUDY me how to please the eye indeed
By fixing it upon a fairer eye,
Who dazzling so, that eye shall be his heed
And give him light that it was blinded by.

Study is like the heaven's glorious sun
That will not be deep-searched with saucy looks.
Small have continual plodders ever won,
Save base authority from other's books.

These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights,
That give a name to every fixèd star,
Have no more profit of their shining nights
Than those that walk and know not what they are.

Too much to know is to know nought but fame ;
And every godfather can give a name.

5

O, NEVER will I trust to speeches penned,
Nor to the motion of a schoolboy's tongue,
Nor never come in vizard to my friend,
Nor woo in rime, like a blind harper's song !

Taffeta phrases, silken terms precise,
Three-piled hyperboles, spruce affectation, .
Figures pedantical ; these summer-flies
Have blown me full of maggot ostentation.

I do forswear them, and I here protest,
By this white glove,—how white the hand, God
knows !—

Henceforth my wooing mind shall be expresst
In russet yeas and honest kersey noes ;

And to begin, wench,—so God help me, la !—
My love to thee is sound, sans crack or flaw.

6

THOSE lips that Love's own hand did make
Breathed forth the sound that said "I hate"
To me that languisht for her sake;
But when she saw my woeful state,

Straight in her heart did mercy come,
Chiding that tongue that ever sweet
Was used in giving gentle doom,
And taught it thus anew to greet:

"I hate" she altered with an end,
That followed it as gentle day
Doth follow night, who like a fiend
From heaven to hell is flown away;

"I hate" from hate away she threw,
And saved my life, saying "not you."

Various Sonnets from the Plays

7

(Armado)

BUT is there no quick recreation granted?—

Ay, that there is. Our court, you know, is haunted
With a refined traveler of Spain;
A man in all the world's new fashion planted,
That hath a mint of phrases in his brain;

One who the music of his own vain tongue
Doth ravish like enchanting harmony;
A man of complements, whom right and wrong
Have chose as umpire of their mutiny.

This child of fancy, that Armado hight,
For interim to our studies shall relate,
In high-born words, the worth of many a knight
From tawny Spain, lost in the world's debate.

How you delight, my lords, I know not, I;
But I protest, I love to hear him lie.

8

(The Princess)

King. WE came to visit you, and purpose now
To lead you to our court ; vouchsafe it
then.

Princess. This field shall hold me ; and so hold your
vow :
Nor God, nor I, delights in perjured men.

King. Rebuke me not for that which you provoke.
The virtue of your eye must break my
oath.

Princess. You nickname virtue ; vice you should have
spoke,
For virtue's office never breaks men's troth.

Now by my maiden honor, yet as pure
As the unsullied lily, I protest,
A world of torments though I should endure,
I would not yield to be your house's guest ;

So much I hate a breaking cause to be
Of heavenly oaths, vowed with integrity.

9

(Prologue to "Romeo and Juliet")

Two households, both alike in dignity,
In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,
From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.

From forth the fatal loins of these two foes
A pair of star-crossed lovers take their life ;
Whose misadventured piteous overthrows
Doth with their death bury their parents' strife.

The fearful passage of their death-marked love,
And the continuance of their parents' rage,
Which, but their children's end, nought could
remove,
Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage ;

The which if you with patient ears attend,
What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to
mend.

10

(Romeo's and Juliet's First Meeting)

Rom. If I profane with my unworthiest hand
This lovely shrine, the gentle fine is this :
My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand
To smooth that rough touch with a tender
kiss.

Jul. Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too
much,
Which mannerly devotion shows in this :
For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do
touch,
And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss.

Rom. Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too ?

Jul. Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.

Rom. O, then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do ;
They pray, grant you, lest faith turn to
despair.

Jul. Saints do not move, though grant for prayers'
sake.

Rom. Then move not, while my prayer's effect I take.

II

(Prologue to the Second Act of "Romeo and Juliet")

Now old desire doth in his death-bed lie,
And young affection gapes to be his heir ;
That fair, for which love groaned for, and would die,
With tender Juliet matched, is now not fair.

Now Romeo is beloved and loves again,
Alike bewitchèd by the charm of looks,
But to his foe supposed he must complain,
And she steal love's sweet bait from fearful hooks.

Being held a foe, he may not have access
To breathe such vows as lovers used to swear ;
And she as much in love, her means much less
To meet her new belovèd anywhere.

But passion lends them power, time means, to meet,
Tempering extremities with extreme sweet.

12

(Helena's Letter)

I AM Saint Jaquès' pilgrim, thither gone.
Ambitious love hath in me so offended,
That barefoot plod I the cold ground upon,
With sainted vow my faults to have amended.

Write, write, that from the bloody course of war
My dearest master, your dear son, may hie.
Bless him at home in peace, whilst I from far
His name with zealous fervor sanctify.

His taken labors bid him me forgive.
I, his spiteful Juno, sent him forth
From courtly friends, with camping foes to live,
Where death and danger dogs the heels of worth.

He is too good and fair for death and me,
Whom I myself embrace, to set him free.

13

(*Epilogue to "Henry V."*)

THUS far, with rough and all-unable pen
Our bending author hath pursued the story,
In little room confining mighty men,
Mangling by starts the full course of their glory.

Small time, but in that small most greatly lived
This star of England. Fortune made his sword,
By which the world's best garden he achieved,
And of it left his son imperial lord.

Henry the Sixth, in infant bands crowned King
Of France and England, did this king succeed ;
Whose state so many had the managing,
That they lost France and made his England bleed ;

Which oft our stage hath shown ; and, for their sake,
In your fair minds let this acceptance take.

Cupid's Inflaming Brand

14

THE little Love-god, lying once asleep,
Laid by his side his heart-inflaming brand,
Whilst many nymphs that vowed chaste life to keep
Came tripping by ; but in her maiden hand

The fairest votary took up that fire
Which many legions of true hearts had warmed ;
And so the general of hot desire
Was, sleeping, by a virgin hand disarmed.

This brand she quenched in a cool well by,
Which from Love's fire took heat perpetual,
Growing a bath and healthful remedy
For men diseased ; but I, my mistress' thrall,

Came there for cure, and this by that I prove :
Love's fire heats water, water cools not love.

153

15

CUPID laid by his brand, and fell asleep :

A maid of Dian's this advantage found,
And his love-kindling fire did quickly steep
In a cold valley-fountain of that ground ;

Which borrowed from this holy fire of Love
A dateless lively heat, still to endure,
And grew a seething bath, which yet men prove
Against strange maladies a sovereign cure.

But at my mistress' eye Love's brand new-fired,
The boy for trial needs would touch my breast ;
I, sick withal, the help of bath desired,
And thither hied, a sad distempered guest,

But found no cure : the bath for my help lies
Where Cupid got new fire—my mistress' eyes.

Venus and Adonis

16

FAIR was the morn when the fair queen of love,

Paler for sorrow than her milk-white dove,

For Adon's sake, a youngster proud and wild ;

Her stand she takes upon a steep-up hill.

Anon Adonis comes with horn and hounds ;

She, silly queen, with more than love's good will,

Forbade the boy he should not pass those grounds ;

"Once," quoth she, "did I see a fair sweet youth

Here in these brakes deep-wounded with a boar,
Deep in the thigh, a spectacle of ruth !

See in my thigh," quoth she, "here was the sore."

She showed hers : he saw more wounds than one,
And blushing fled, and left her all alone.

17

SCARCE had the sun dried up the dewy morn,
And scarce the herd gone to the hedge for shade,
When Cytherea, all in love forlorn,
A longing tarriance for Adonis made

Under an osier growing by a brook,
A brook where Adon used to cool his spleen.
Hot was the day ; she hotter that did look
For his approach, that often there had been.

Anon he comes and throws his mantle by,
And stood stark naked on the brook's green brim.
The sun looked on the world with glorious eye,
Yet not so wistly as this queen on him.

He, spying her bounced in, whereas he stood :
" O Jove," quoth she, " why was not I a flood ! "

18

SWEET Cytherea, sitting by a brook

With young Adonis, lovely, fresh, and green,
Did court the lad with many a lovely look,

Such looks as none could look but beauty's queen.

She told him stories to delight his ear ;

She showed him favors to allure his eye ;

To win his heart, she touched him here and there,—

Touches so soft still conquer chastity.

But whether unripe years did want conceit,

Or he refused to take her figured proffer,

The tender nibbler would not touch the bait,

But smile and jest at every gentle offer.

Then fell she on her back, fair queen, and toward :

He rose and ran away ; ah, fool too forward !

II

TO HIS FAIR EFFEMINATE FRIEND, IN WHOM BEAUTY IS EMBODIED

The friend's unequalled beauty

20

19

A WOMAN'S face with Nature's own hand painted
Hast thou, the master-mistress of my passion ;
A woman's gentle heart, but not acquainted
With shifting change, as is false women's fashion ;

An eye more bright than theirs, less false in rolling,
Gilding the object whereupon it gazeth ;
A maiden hue, all hues in his controlling,
Which steals men's eyes and women's souls amazeth.

And for a woman wert thou first created ;
Till Nature, as she wrought thee, fell a-doting,
And by addition me of thee defeated,
By adding one thing to my purpose nothing.

But since she prickt thee out for women's pleasure,
Mine be thy love and thy love's use their treasure.

L 4

20

WHAT is your substance, whereof are you made,
That millions of strange shadows on you tend ?
Since every one hath, every one, one shade,
And you, but one, can every shadow lend.

Describe Adonis, and the counterfeit
Is poorly imitated after you ;
On Helen's cheek all art of beauty set,
And you in Grecian tires are painted new.

Speak of the spring and foison of the year,
The one doth shadow of your beauty show,
The other as your bounty doth appear ;
And you in every blessed shape we know.

In all external grace you have some part,
But you like none, none you, for constant heart.

37

21

If there be nothing new, but that which is
Hath been before, how are our brains beguiled,
Which, laboring for invention, bear amiss
The second burden of a former child !

O, that recórd could with a backward look,
Even of five hundred courses of the sun,
Show me your image in some antique book,
Since mind at first in character was done !

That I might see what the old world could say
To this composèd wonder of your frame ;
Whether we are mended, or whe'er better they,
Or whether revolution be the same.

O, sure I am, the wits of former days
To subjects worse have given admiring praise.

WHEN in the chronicle of wasted time
I see descriptions of the fairest wights,
And beauty making beautiful old rime
In praise of ladies dead and lovely knights,

Then, in the blazon of sweet beauty's best,
Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,
I see their antique pen would have exprest
Even such a beauty as you master now.

So all their praises are but prophecies
Of this our time, all you prefiguring ;
And, for they look'd but with divining eyes,
They had not skill enough your worth to sing :

For we, which now behold these present days,
Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise.

His true beauty needs no false embellishment

51
23

AH ! wherefore with infection should he live,
And with his presence grace impiety,
That sin by him advantage should achieve
And lace itself with his society ?

Why should false painting imitate his cheek
And steal dead seeing of his living hue ?
Why should poor beauty indirectly seek
Roses of shadow, since his rose is true ?

Why should he live, now Nature bankrupt is,
Beggar'd of blood to blush through lively veins ?
For she hath no exchequer now but his,
And, proud of many, lives upon his gains.

O, him she stores, to show what wealth she had
In days long since, before these last so bad.

68

24

THUS is his cheek the map of days outworn,
When beauty lived and died as flowers do now,
Before these bastard signs of fair were born,
Or durst inhabit on a living brow ;

Before the golden tresses of the dead,
The right of sepulchers, were shorn away,
To live a second life on second head ;
Ere beauty's dead fleece made another gay :

In him those holy antique hours are seen,
Without all ornament, itself and true,
Making no summer of another's green,
Robbing no old to dress his beauty new ;

And him as for a map doth Nature store,
To show false Art what beauty was of yore.

And his truth deserves to be preserved.

64

25

O, how much more doth beauty beauteous seem
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give !
The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
For that sweet odor which doth in it live.

The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye
As the perfumèd tincture of the roses,
Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly,
When summer's breath their maskèd buds discloses :

But for their virtue only is their show,
They live unwooed and unrespected fade,
Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so ;
Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odors made :

And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,
When that shall vade, my verse distills your truth.

The poet promises to eternise his beauty in verse, in spite of the mutability of all things.

26

SHALL I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date;

Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimmed;
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance or Nature's changing course untrimmed:

But thy eternal summer shall not fade
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest;
Nor shall Death brag thou wand'rest in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou growest:

So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

27

DEVOURING Time, blunt thou the lion's paws,
And make the earth devour her own sweet brood ;
Pluck the keen teeth from the fierce tiger's jaws,
And burn the long-lived phoenix in her blood ;

Make glad and sorry seasons as thou fleet'st,
And do whate'er thou wilt, swift-footed Time,
To the wide world and all her fading sweets ;
But I forbid thee one most heinous crime :

O, carve not with thy hours my love's fair brow,
Nor draw no lines there with thine antique pen ;
Him in thy course untainted do allow
For beauty's pattern to succeeding men.

Yet, do thy worst, old Time : despite thy wrong,
My love shall in my verse ever live young.

5

20

28

LIKE as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,
So do our minutes hasten to their end ;
Each changing place with that which goes before,
In sequent toil all forwards do contend.

Nativity, once in the main of light,
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crowned,
Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,
And Time that gave doth now his gift confound.

Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth,
And delves the parallels in beauty's brow,
Feeds on the rarities of Nature's truth,
And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow :

And yet to times in hope my verse shall stand,
Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand.

63

29

AGAINST my love shall be, as I am now,
With Time's injurious hand crusht and o'erworn ;
When hours have drained his blood and filled his
brow
With lines and wrinkles ; when his youthful morn

Hath traveled on to age's steepy night,
And all those beauties whereof now he's king
Are vanishing or vanisht out of sight,
Stealing away the treasure of his spring :

For such a time I do now fortify
Against confounding age's cruel knife,
That he shall never cut from memory
My sweet love's beauty, though my lover's life :

His beauty shall in these black lines be seen,
And they shall live, and he in them still green.

64; 65

30-31

When I have seen by Time's fell hand defaced
The rich proud cost of outworn buried age ;
When sometime lofty towers I see down-razed
And brass eternal slave to mortal rage ;

When I have seen the hungry ocean gain
Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,
And the firm soil win of the watery main,
Increasing store with loss and loss with store ;

When I have seen such interchange of state,
Or state itself confounded to decay ;
Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminare,
That Time will come and take my love away.

This thought is as a death, which cannot choose
But weep to have that which it fears to lose.

Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea,
But sad mortality o'ersways their power,
How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea,
Whose action is no stronger than a flower ?

O, how shall summer's honey breath hold out
Against the wrackful siege of battering days,
When rocks impregnable are not so stout,
Nor gates of steel so strong, but Time decays?

O fearful meditation ! where, alack,
Shall Time's best jewel from Time's chest lie hid ?
Or what strong hand can hold his swift foot back ?
Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid ?

O, none, unless this miracle have might,
That in black ink my love may still shine bright.

157

32

WHEN I consider everything that grows
Holds in perfection but a little moment,
That this huge stage presenteth nought but shows
Whereon the stars in secret influence comment ;

When I perceive that men as plants increase,
Cheered and checkt even by the self-same sky,
Vaunt in their youthful sap, at height decrease,
And wear their brave state out of memory :

Then the conceit of this inconstant stay
Sets you most rich in youth before my sight,
Where wasteful Time debateth with Decay,
To change your day of youth to sullied night ;

And all in war with Time for love of you,
As he takes from you, I engraft you new.

But exhorts him to do it more effectually
himself, by breeding

33

BUT wherefore do not you a mightier way
Make war upon this bloody tyrant, Time ?
And fortify yourself in your decay
With means more blessed than my barren rime ?

Now stand you on the top of happy hours,
And many maiden gardens, yet unset,
With virtuous wish would bear you living flowers,
Much liker than your painted counterfeit :

So should the lines of life that life repair,
Which this time's pencil, or my pupil pen,
Neither in inward worth nor outward fair,
Can make you live yourself in eyes of men.

To give away yourself keeps yourself still,
And you must live, drawn by your own sweet skill.

17

34

Who will believe my verse in time to come,
If it were filled with your most high deserts ?
Though yet, heaven knows, it is but as a tomb
Which hides your life and shows not half your parts.

If I could write the beauty of your eyes
And in fresh numbers number all your graces,
The age to come would say "This poet lies ;
Such heavenly touches ne'er toucht earthly faces."

So should my papers, yellowed with their age,
Be scorned like old men of less truth than tongue,
And your true rights be termed a poet's rage
And stretchèd meter of an antique song :

But were some child of yours alive that time,
You should live twice, in it and in my rime.

/

35

FROM fairest creatures we desire increase,
That thereby beauty's rose might never die,
But as the ripper should by time decease;
His tender heir might bear his memory :

But thou, contracted to thine own bright eyes,
Feed'st thy light's flame with self-substantial fuel,
Making a famine where abundance lies,
Thyself thy foe, to thy sweet self too cruel :

Thou that art now the world's fresh ornament
And only herald to the gaudy spring,
Within thine own bud buriest thy content
And, tender churl, makest waste in niggarding :

Pity the world, or else this glutton be,
To eat the world's due, by the grave and thee.

36

Lo ! in the orient when the gracious light
Lifts up his burning head, each under eye
Doth homage to his new-appearing sight,
Serving with looks his sacred majesty ;

And having climbed the steep-up heavenly hill,
Resembling strong youth in his middle age,
Yet mortal looks adore his beauty still,
Attending on his golden pilgrimage ;

But when from highmost pitch, with weary car,
Like feeble age, he reeleth from the way,
The eyes, 'fore duteous, now converted are
From his low tract and look another day :

So thou, thyself out-going in thy noon,
Unlooked on diest, unless thou get a son.

37

Nor from the stars do I my judgment pluck ;
And yet methinks I have astronomy,
But not to tell of good or evil luck,
Of plagues, of dearths, or seasons' quality ;

Nor can I fortune to brief minutes tell,
Pointing to each his thunder, rain, and wind,
Or say with princes if it shall go well,
By oft predict that I in heaven find :

But from thine eyes my knowledge I derive,
And, constant stars, in them I read such art
As truth and beauty shall together thrive,
If from thyself to store thou wouldst convert ;

Or else of thee this I prognosticate :
Thy end is truth's and beauty's doom and date.

; 2.

38

WHEN I do count the clock that tells the time,
And see the brave day sunk in hideous night ;
When I behold the violet past prime,
And sable curls all silver'd o'er with white ;

When lofty trees I see barren of leaves
Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,
And summer's green all girded up in sheaves
Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard :

Then of thy beauty do I question make,
That thou among the wastes of time must go,
Since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake
And die as fast as they see others grow ;

And nothing 'gainst Time's scythe can make defence
Save breed, to brave him when he takes thee hence.

39

As fast as thou shalt wane, so fast thou grow'st
In one of thine, from that which thou departest ;
And that fresh blood which youngly thou bestow'st
Thou mayst call thine when thou from youth
convertest.

Herein lives wisdom, beauty, and increase ;
Without this, folly, age, and cold decay :
If all were minded so, the times should cease
And threescore year would make the world away.

Let those whom Nature hath not made for store,
Harsh, featureless, and rude, barrenly perish :
Look, whom she best endowed, she gave thee more ;
Which bounteous gift thou shouldst in bounty
cherish :

She carved thee for her seal, and meant thereby
Thou shouldst print more, not let that copy die.

Music to hear, why hear'st thou music sadly?
Sweets with sweets war not, joy delights in joy.
Why lovest thou that which thou receivest not
gladly,
Or else receivest with pleasure thine annoy?

If the true concord of well-tuned sounds,
By unions married, do offend thine ear,
They do but sweetly chide thee, who confounds
In singleness the parts that thou shouldst bear.

Mark how one string, sweet husband to another,
Strikes each in each by mutual ordering;
Resembling sire, and child, and happy mother,
Who all in one, one pleasing note do sing:

Whose speechless song, being many, seeming one,
Sings this to thee: "thou single wilt prove none."

41

Look in thy glass, and tell the face thou viewest,
Now is the time that face should form another ;
Whose fresh repair if now thou not renewest,
Thou dost beguile the world, unbless some mother.

For where is she so fair whose unear'd womb
Disdains the tillage of thy husbandry ?
Or who is he so fond will be the tomb
Of his self-love, to stop posterity ?

Thou art thy mother's glass, and she in thee
Calls back the lovely April of her prime :
So thou through windows of thine age shalt see,
Despite of wrinkles, this thy golden time.

But if thou live rememb'rd not to be,
Die single, and thine image dies with thee.

2.

42

WHEN forty winters shall besiege thy brow,
And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field,
Thy youth's proud livery, so gazed on now,
Will be a totter'd weed, of small worth held :

Then being askt where all thy beauty lies,
Where all the treasure of thy lusty days,
To say within thine own deep-sunken eyes,
Were an all-eating shame and thriftless praise.

How much more praise deserved thy beauty's use,
If thou couldst answer, "This fair child of mine
Shall sum my count and make my old excuse,"
Proving his beauty by succession thine !

This were to be new made when thou art old,
And see thy blood warm when thou feel'st it cold.

43-44

Is it for fear to wet a widow's eye
That thou consumest thyself in single life?
Ah! if thou issueless shall hap to die,
The world will wail thee, like a makeless wife;

The world will be thy widow and still weep
That thou no form of thee hast left behind,
When every private widow well may keep,
By children's eyes, her husband's shape in mind.

Look, what an unthrift in the world doth spend,
Shifts but his place, for still the world enjoys it;
But beauty's waste hath in the world an end
And kept unused, the user so destroys it.

No love toward others in that bosom sits
That on himself such murderous shame commits.

For shame deny that thou bear'st love to any,
Who for thyself art so unprovident.
Grant, if thou wilt, thou art beloved of many,
But that thou none lovest is most evident;

For thou art so possest with murderous hate
That 'gainst thyself thou stick'st not to conspire,
Seeking that beauteous roof to ruinate
Which to repair should be thy chief desire.

O, change thy thought, that I may change my mind !
Shall hate be fairer lodged than gentle love ?
Be, as thy presence is, gracious and kind,
Or to thyself at least kind-hearted prove :

Make thee another self, for love of me,
That beauty still may live in thine or thee.

45

O, THAT you were yourself ! but, love, you are
No longer yours than you yourself here live :
Against this coming end you should prepare,
And your sweet semblance to some other give.

So should that beauty which you hold in lease
Find no determination ; then you were
Yourself again after yourself's decease,
When your sweet issue your sweet form should bear.

Who lets so fair a house fall to decay,
Which husbandry in honor might uphold
Against the stormy gusts of winter's day
And barren rage of death's eternal cold ?

O, none but unthrifths ! Dear my love, you know
You had a father : let your son say so.

46

UNTHRIFTY loveliness, why dost thou spend
Upon thyself thy beauty's legacy ?
Nature's bequest gives nothing, but doth lend,
And being frank she lends to those are free.

Then, beauteous niggard, why dost thou abuse
The bounteous largess given thee to give ?
Profitless usurer, why dost thou use
So great a sum of sums, yet canst not live ?

For having traffic with thyself alone,
Thou of thyself thy sweet self dost deceive :
Then how, when nature calls thee to be gone,
What acceptable audit canst thou leave ?

Thy unused beauty must be tomb'd with thee,
Which, usèd, lives th' executor to be.

376
47-48

THOSE hours, that with gentle work did frame
The lovely gaze where every eye doth dwell,
Will play the tyrants to the very same,
And that unfair which fairly doth excel :

For never-resting time leads summer on
To hideous winter and confounds him there ;
Sap chekt with frost and lusty leaves quite gone,
Beauty o'ersnowed, and bareness everywhere :

Then, were not summer's distillation left,
A liquid prisoner pent in walls of glass,
Beauty's effect with beauty were bereft,
Nor it nor no remembrance what it was :

But flowers distilled, though they with winter meet,
Leese but their show ; their substance still lives
sweet.

Then let not winter's ragged hand deface
In thee thy summer, ere thou be distilled :
Make sweet some vial ; treasure thou some place
With beauty's treasure, ere it be self-killed.

That use is not forbidden usury

Which happies those that pay the willing loan ;
That's for thyself to breed another thee,
Or ten times happier, be it ten for one ;

Ten times thyself were happier than thou art,
If ten of thine ten times refigured thee :

Then what could death do, if thou shouldst depart,
Leaving thee living in posterity ?

Be not self-willed, for thou art much too fair
To be death's conquest and make worms thine heir.

III

TO HIS DARK DISDAINFUL MISTRESS, WHO MAKES FOUL FAIR

He will be true in his praise of her

21

49

So is it not with me as with that Muse,
 Stirred by a painted beauty to his verse,
Who heaven itself for ornament doth use,
 And every fair with his fair doth rehearse ;

Making a couplement of proud compare,
 With sun and moon, with earth and sea's rich gems,
With April's first-born flowers, and all things rare
 That heaven's air in this huge rondure hems.

O, let me, true in love, but truly write,
 And then believe me, my love is as fair
As any mother's child, though not so bright
 As those gold candles fixt in heaven's air :

Let them say more that like of hearsay well ;
I will not praise that purpose not to sell.

87

130

50

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun ;
Coral is far more red than her lips' red ;
If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun ;
If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.

I have seen roses damask't, red and white,
Yet no such roses see I in her cheeks ;
And in some perfumes is there more delight
Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.

I love to hear her speak, yet well I know
That music hath a far more pleasing sound ;
I grant I never saw a goddess go ;
My mistress, when she walks, treads on the ground :

And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare
As any she belied with false compare.

The beauty of her dark complexion

51

In the old age black was not counted fair,
Or if it were, it bore not beauty's name ;
But now is black beauty's successive heir,
And beauty slandered with a bastard shame :

For since each hand hath put on Nature's power,
Fairing the foul with art's false borrowed face,
Sweet beauty hath no name, no holy bower,
But is profaned, if not lives in disgrace.

Therefore my mistress' brows are raven black,
Her eyes so suited, and they mourners seem
At such who, not born fair, no beauty lack,
Slandering creation with a false esteem :

Yet so they mourn, becoming of their woe,
That every tongue says beauty should look so.

52

52

THINE eyes I love, and they, as pitying me,
Knowing thy heart torments me with disdain,
Have put on black, and loving mourners be,
Looking with pretty ruth upon my pain.

And truly not the morning sun of heaven
Better becomes the grey cheeks of the east,
Nor that full star that ushers in the even
Doth half that glory to the sober west,

As those two mourning eyes become thy face :
O, let it then as well beseem thy heart
To mourn for me, since mourning doth thee grace,
And suit thy pity like in every part.

Then will I swear beauty herself is black
And all they foul that thy complexion lack.

He defends her beauty from slander

131

53

THOU art as tyrannous, so as thou art,
As those whose beauties proudly make them cruel ;
For well thou know'st to my dear dotting heart
Thou art the fairest and most precious jewel.

Yet in good faith some say that thee behold
Thy face hath not the power to make love groan :
To say they err, I dare not be so bold,
Although I swear it to myself alone.

And, to be sure that is not false I swear,
A thousand groans, but thinking on thy face,
One on another's neck, do witness bear
Thy black is fairest in my judgment's place.

In nothing art thou black save in thy deeds,
And thence this slander, as I think, proceeds.

His eye and heart paint and retain her

54

54

MINE eye hath played the painter and hath steeled
Thy beauty's form in table of my heart ;
My body is the frame wherein 'tis held,
And perspective it is best painter's art.

For through the painter must you see his skill,
To find where your true image pictured lies ;
Which in my bosom's shop is hanging still,
That hath his windows glazed with thine eyes.

Now see what good turns eyes for eyes have done :
Mine eyes have drawn thy shape, and thine for me
Are windows to my breast, where-through the sun
Delights to peep, to gaze therein on thee ;

Yet eyes this cunning want to grace their art :
They draw but what they see, know not the heart.

46

55

MINE eye and heart are at a mortal war
How to divide the conquest of thy sight;
Mine eye my heart thy picture's sight would bar,
My heart mine eye the freedom of that right.

My heart doth plead that thou in him dost lie,—
A closet never pierced with crystal eyes—
But the defendant doth that plea deny
And says in him thy fair appearance lies.

To side this title is impanelled
A quest of thoughts, all tenants to the heart,
And by their verdict is determinéd
The clear eye's moiety and the dear heart's part:

As thus, mine eye's due is thy outward part,
And my heart's right thy inward love of heart.

47
56

BETWIXT mine eye and heart a league is took,
And each doth good turns now unto the other :
When that mine eye is famisht for a look,
Or heart in love with sighs himself doth smother,

With my love's picture then my eye doth feast
And to the painted banquet bids my heart ;
Another time my eye is my heart's guest
And in his thoughts of love doth share a part :

So, either by thy picture or my love,
Thyself away art present still with me ;
For thou not farther than my thoughts canst move,
And I am still with them and they with thee ;

Or, if they sleep, thy picture in my sight
Awakes my heart to heart's and eye's delight.

To her playing upon the virginal

57

How oft, when thou, my music, music playest,
Upon that blessed wood whose motion sounds
With thy sweet fingers, when thou gently swayest
The wiry concord that mine ear confounds,

Do I envý those jacks that nimble leap
To kiss the tender inward of thy hand,
Whilst my poor lips, which would that harvest reap,
At the wood's boldness by thee blushing stand!

To be so tickled, they would change their state
And situation with those dancing chips,
O'er whom thy fingers walk with gentle gait,
Making dead wood more blest than living lips.

Since saucy jacks so happy are in this,
Give them thy fingers, me thy lips to kiss.

Wishes to be her Will

185

58

If thy soul check thee that I come so near,
Swear to thy blind soul that I was thy *Will*,
And will, thy soul knows, is admitted there ;
Thus far for love my love-suit, sweet, fulfil.

Will will fulfil the treasure of thy love,
Ay, fill it full with wills, and my will one.
In things of great receipt with ease we prove
Among a number one is reckon'd none :

Then in the number let me pass untold,
Though in thy stores' account I one must be ;
For nothing hold me, so it please thee hold
That nothing me, a something sweet to thee :

Make but my name thy love, and love that still,
And then thou lovest me, for my name is *Will*.

IV
ON HIS LOVES

Thoughts during absence from his love

Departure

57
59

How heavy do I journey on the way,
When what I seek, my weary travel's end,
Doth teach that ease and that repose to say
"Thus far the miles are measured from thy friend!"

The beast that bears me, tired with my woe,
Plods dully on, to bear that weight in me,
As if by some instinct the wretch did know
His rider loved not speed, being made from thee.

The bloody spur cannot provoke him on
That sometimes anger thrusts into his hide ;
Which heavily he answers with a groan,
More sharp to me than spurring to his side ;

For that same groan doth put this in my mind :
My grief lies onward and my joy behind.

67

60

THUS can my love excuse the slow offence
Of my dull bearer, when from thee I speed :
From where thou art why should I haste me thence ?
Till I return, of posting is no need.

O, what excuse will my poor beast then find,
When swift extremity can seem but slow ?
Then should I spur, though mounted on the wind ;
In wingèd speed no motion shall I know :

Then can no horse with my desire keep pace ;
Therefore desire, of perfect'st love being made,
Shall need no dull flesh in his fiery race ;
But love, for love, thus shall excuse my jade :

Since from thee going he went wilful-slow,
Towards thee I'll run, and give him leave to go.

Sleepless nights

57

61

WEARY with toil, I haste me to my bed,
The dear repose for limbs with travel tired ;
But then begins a journey in my head,
To work my mind, when body's work's expired :

For then my thoughts, from far where I abide,
Intend a zealous pilgrimage to thee,
And keep my drooping eyelids open wide,
Looking on darkness which the blind do see :

Save that my soul's imaginary sight
Presents thy shadow to my sightless view,
Which, like a jewel, hung in ghastly night,
Makes black night beauteous and her old face new.

Lo ! thus, by day my limbs, by night my mind,
For thee, and for myself, no quiet find.

How can I then return in happy plight,
That am debarred the benefit of rest?
When day's oppression is not eased by night,
But day by night, and night by day, opprest!

And each, though enemies to either's reign,
Do in consent shake hands to torture me;
The one by toil, the other to complain
How far I toil, still farther off from thee.

I tell the day, to please him thou art bright,
And dost him grace when clouds do blot the heaven:
So flatter I the swart-complexion'd night,
When sparkling stars twire not thou gild'st the even.

But day doth daily draw my sorrows longer,
And night doth nightly make grief's strength seem
stronger.

63

Is it thy will thy image should keep open
My heavy eyelids to the weary night?
Dost thou desire my slumbers should be broken,
While shadows like to thee do mock my sight?

Is it thy spirit thou send'st from thee
So far from home into my deeds to pry,
To find out shames and idle hours in me,
The scope and tenure of thy jealousy!

O, no! thy love, though much, is not so great:
It is my love that keeps mine eye awake;
Mine own true love that doth my rest defeat,
To play the watchman ever for thy sake:

For thee watch I whilst thou dost wake elsewhere,
From me far off, with others all too near.

His Treasure

46

64

How careful was I, when I took my way,
Each trifle under truest bars to thrust,
That to my use it might unused stay
From hands of falsehood, in sure wards of trust !

But thou, to whom my jewels trifles are,
Most worthy comfort, now my greatest grief,
Thou, best of dearest and mine only care,
Art left the prey of every vulgar thief.

Thee have I not lockt up in any chest,
Save where thou art not, though I feel thou art,
Within the gentle closure of my breast,
From whence at pleasure thou mayst come and part ;

And even thence thou wilt be stolen, I fear,
For truth proves thievish for a prize so dear.

52.

65

So am I as the rich, whose blessed key
Can bring him to his sweet up-lockèd treasure,
The which he will not every hour survey,
For blunting the fine point of seldom pleasure.

Therefore are feasts so solemn and so rare,
Since, seldom coming, in the long year set,
Like stones of worth they thinly placèd are,
Or captain jewels in the carcanet.

So is the time that keeps you as my chest,
Or as the wardrobe which the robe doth hide,
To make some special instant special blest,
By new unfolding his imprison'd pride.

Blessèd are you, whose worthiness gives scope,
Being had, to triumph, being lackt, to hope.

66

So are you to my thoughts as food to life,
Or as sweet-season'd showers are to the ground ;
And for the peace of you I hold such strife
As 'twixt a miser and his wealth is found ;

Now proud as an enjoyer, and anon
Doubting the filching age will steal his treasure,
Now counting best to be with you alone,
Then better'd that the world may see my pleasure ;

Sometime all full with feasting on your sight,
And by and by clean starvèd for a look ;
Possessing or pursuing no delight,
Save what is had or must from you be took.

Thus do I pine and surfeit day by day,
Or gluttoning on all, or all away.

He visits her (?) in thought

67-68

If the dull substance of my flesh were thought,
Injurious distance should not stop my way ;
For then despite of space I would be brought,
From limits far remote, where thou dost stay.

No matter then although my foot did stand
Upon the farthest earth removed from thee ;
For nimble thought can jump both sea and land
As soon as think the place where he would be.

But, ah ! thought kills me that I am not thought,
To leap large lengths of miles when thou art gone,
But that so much of earth and water wrought
I must attend time's leisure with my moan,

Receiving naught by elements so slow
But heavy tears, badges of either's woe.

The other two, slight air and purging fire,
Are both with thee, wherever I abide :
The first my thought, the other my desire,
These present-absent with swift motion slide.

For when these quicker elements are gone
 In tender embassy of love to thee,
My life, being made of four, with two alone
 Sinks down to death, opprest with melancholy ;

Until life's composition be recured
 By those swift messengers returned from thee,
Who even but now come back again, assured
 Of thy fair health, recounting it to me :

This told, I joy ; but then no longer glad,
I send them back again and straight grow sad.

In absence, summer is winter

- 97
69

How like a winter hath my absence been
From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year !
What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen !
What old December's bareness everywhere !

And yet this time removed was summer's time,
The teeming autumn, big with rich increase,
Bearing the wanton burden of the prime,
Like widowed wombs after their lords' decease :

Yet this abundant issue seemed to me
But hope of orphans and unfather'd fruit ;
For summer and his pleasures wait on thee,
And, thou away, the very birds are mute ;

Or, if they sing, 'tis with so dull a cheer
That leaves look pale, dreading the winter's near.

And days are nights, and nights days

43

70

WHEN most I wink, then do mine eyes best see,
For all the day they view things unrespected ;
But when I sleep, in dreams they look on thee,
And darkly bright, are bright in dark directed.

Then thou, whose shadow shadows doth make bright,
How would thy shadow's form form happy show
To the clear day with thy much clearer light,
When to unseeing eyes thy shade shines so !

How would, I say, mine eyes be blessed made
By looking on thee in the living day !
When in dead night thy fair imperfect shade
Through heavy sleep on sightless eyes doth stay !

All days are nights to me till I see thee,
And nights bright days when dreams do show thee
me.

He sees her (?) everywhere

113 114

71-72

SINCE I left you, mine eye is in my mind ;
And that which governs me to go about
Doth part his function, and is partly blind,
Seems seeing, but effectually is out ;

For it no form delivers to the heart
Of bird, of flower, or shape, which it doth latch ;
Of his quick objects hath the mind no part,
Nor his own vision holds what it doth catch ;

For if it see the rudest or gentlest sight,
The most sweet favor or deformed'st creature,
The mountain or the sea, the day or night,
The crow or dove, it shapes them to your feature.

Incapable of more, replete with you,
My most true mind thus maketh mine untrue.

Or whether doth my mind, being crowned with you,
Drink up the monarch's plague, this flattery ?
Or whether shall I say, mine eye saith true,
And that your love taught it this alchemy,

To make of monsters and things indigest
Such cherubins as your sweet self resemble,
Creating every bad a perfect best,
As fast as objects to his beams assemble?

O, 'tis the first ; 'tis flattery in my seeing,
And my great mind most kingly drinks it up :
Mine eye well knows what with his gust is 'greeing,
And to his palate doth prepare the cup.

If it be poison'd, 'tis the lesser sin
That mine eye loves it and doth first begin.

Especially in the flowers of spring



73

FROM you have I been absent in the spring,
When proud-pied April, drest in all his trim,
Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing,
That heavy Saturn laught and leapt with him.

Yet nor the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell
Of different flowers in odor and in hue,
Could make me any summer's story tell,
Or from their proud lap pluck them where they
grew ;

Nor did I wonder at the lily's white,
Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose ;
They were but sweet, but figures of delight,
Drawn after you, you pattern of all those.

Yet seemed it winter still, and, you away,
As with your shadow I with these did play.

76

74

THE forward violet thus did I chide :—

“Sweet thief, whence didst thou steal thy sweet that
smells,

If not from my love's breath? The purple pride
Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells
In my love's veins thou hast too grossly dyed.”

The lily I condemnèd for thy hand,
And buds of marjoram had stolen thy hair :
The roses fearfully on thorns did stand,
One blushing shame, another white despair ;

A third, nor red nor white, had stolen of both,
And to his robbery had annexed thy breath ;
But, for his theft, in pride of all his growth
A vengeful canker eat him up to death.

More flowers I noted, yet I none could see
But sweet or color it had stolen from thee.

After a quarrel with his love

57

75

BEING your slave, what should I do but tend
Upon the hours and times of your desire?
I have no precious time at all to spend,
Nor services to do, till you require.

Nor dare I chide the world-without-end hour
Whilst I, my sovereign, watch the clock for you,
Nor think the bitterness of absence sour
When you have bid your servant once adieu ;

Nor dare I question with my jealous thought
Where you may be, or your affairs suppose,
But, like a sad slave, stay and think of nought,
Save, where you are, how happy you make those.

So true a fool is love that in your Will,
Though you do any thing, he thinks no ill.

55

76

THAT god forbid, that made me first your slave,
I should in thought control your times of pleasure,
Or at your hand th' account of hours to crave,
Being your vassal, bound to stay your leisure !

O, let me suffer, being at your beck,
The imprison'd absence of your liberty ;
And patience, tame to sufferance, bide each check,
Without accusing you of injury.

Be where you list, your charter is so strong
That you yourself may privilege your time :
Do what you will, to you it doth belong
Yourself to pardon of self-doing crime.

I am to wait, though waiting so be hell ;
Nor blame your pleasure, be it ill or well.

Some cloud between them; repentance, and
forgiveness

33

77

FULL many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain-tops with soverain eye,
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy;

Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
With ugly rack on his celestial face,
And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace:

Even so my sun one early morn did shine
With all-triumphant splendor on my brow;
But out, alack! he was but one hour mine;
The region cloud hath mask'd him from me now.

Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth:
Suns of the world may stain, when heaven's sun
staineth.

34

78

WHY didst thou promise such a beauteous day
And make me travel forth without my cloak,
To let base clouds o'ertake me in my way,
Hiding thy bravery in their rotten smoke?

'Tis not enough that through the cloud thou break,
To dry the rain on my storm-beaten face,
For no man well of such a salve can speak
That heals the wound and cures not the disgrace :

Nor can thy shame give physic to my grief ;
Though thou repent, yet I have still the loss :
The offender's sorrow lends but weak relief
To him that bears the strong offence's cross.

Ah ! but those tears are pearl which thy love sheds,
And they are rich, and ransom all ill deeds.

Confessions to his love of his own errors

79

THAT you were once unkind befriends me now,
And for that sorrow, which I then did feel
Needs must I under my transgression bow,
Unless my nerves were brass or hammer'd steel.

For if you were by my unkindness shaken
As I by yours, y' have past a hell of time,
And I, a tyrant, have no leisure taken
To weigh how once I suffered in your crime.

O, that our night of woe might have rememb'red
My deepest sense, how hard true sorrow hits,
And soon to you, as you to me, then tend'red
The humble salve which wounded bosoms fits !

But that, your trespass now becomes a fee :
Mine ransoms yours, and yours must ransom me.

118

80

LIKE as, to make our appetites more keen,
With eager compounds we our palate urge,
As, to prevent our maladies unseen,
We sicken to shun sickness when we purge ;

Even so, being full of your ne'er-cloying sweetness,
To bitter sauces did I frame my feeding,
And sick of welfare, found a kind of meetness
To be diseased ere that there was true needing.

Thus policy in love, t' anticipate
The ills that were not, grew to faults assured
And brought to medicine a healthful state
Which, rank of goodness, would by ill be cured :

But thence I learn, and find the lesson true,
Drugs poison him that so fell sick of you.

!!!

81

O, FOR my sake do you with Fortune chide,
The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,
That did not better for my life provide
Than public means which public manners breeds.

Thence comes it that my name receives a brand,
And almost thence my nature is subdued
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand :
Pity me then, and wish I were renewed ;

Whilst, like a willing patient, I will drink
Potions of eisel 'gainst my strong infection ;
No bitterness that I will bitter think,
Nor double penance, to correct correction.

Pity me then, dear friend, and I assure ye
Even that your pity is enough to cure me.

112

82

YOUR love and pity doth th' impression fill
Which vulgar scandal stamp't upon my brow ;
For what care I who calls me well or ill,
So you o'er-green my bad, my good allow ?

You are my all-the-world, and I must strive
To know my shames and praises from your tongue ;
None else to me, nor I to none alive,
That my steeld sense or changes right or wrong.

In so profound abysm I throw all care
Of others' voices, that my adder's sense
To critic and to flatterer stoppèd are.
Mark how with my neglect I do dispense :

You are so strongly in my purpose bred
That all the world besides, methinks, are dead.

104

83

O, never say that I was false of heart,
Though absence seemed my flame to qualify.
As easy might I from myself depart
As from my soul, which in thy breast doth lie :

That is my home of love : if I have ranged,
Like him that travels I return again,
Just to the time, not with the time exchanged,
So that myself bring water for my stain.

Never believe, though in my nature reigned
All frailties that besiege all kinds of blood,
That it could so preposterously be stained,
To leave for nothing all thy sum of good ;

For nothing this wide universe I call,
Save thou, my rose ; in it thou art my all.

84

ACCUSE me thus : that I have scanted all
Wherein I should your great deserts repay,
Forgot upon your dearest love to call,
Whereto all bonds do tie me day by day ;

That I have frequent been with unknown minds,
And given to time your own dear-purchased right ;
That I have hoisted sail to all the winds
Which should transport me farthest from your sight.

Book both my wilfulness and errors down,
And on just proof surmise accumulate ;
Bring me within the level of your frown,
But shoot not at me in your wakened hate :

Since my appeal says I did strive to prove
The constancy and virtue of your love.

85

ALAS, 'tis true, I had gone here and there,
And made myself a motley to the view,
Gored mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most
dear,
Made old offences of affections new ;

Most true it is that I have lookt on truth
Askance and strangely : but, by all above,
These blenches gave my heart another youth,
And worse essays proved thee my best of love.

Now all is done, have what shall have no end :
Mine appetite I never more will grind
On newer proof, to try an older friend,
A god in love, to whom I am confined.

Then give me welcome, next my heaven the best,
Even to thy pure and most most loving breast.

116

86

(To himself)

WHAT potions have I drunk of Siren tears,
Distilled from limbecks foul as hell within,
Applying fears to hopes, and hopes to fears,
Still losing when I saw myself to win !

What wretched errors hath my heart committed,
Whilst it hath thought itself so blessed never !
How have mine eyes out of their spheres been fitted
In the distraction of this madding fever !

O benefit of ill ! now I find true
That better is by evil still made better ;
And ruin'd love, when it is built anew,
Grows fairer than at first, more strong, far greater,

So I return rebuked to my content,
And gain by ill thrice more than I have spent.

Consolation for his wretchedness in his friend's
love

89

87

WHEN, in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
I all alone beweepe my outcast state,
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless-cries,
And look upon myself and curse my fate,

Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featured like him, like him with friends possest,
Desiring this man's art and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least ;

Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on thee, and then my state,
Like to a lark at break of day arising,
From sullen earth sings hymns at heaven's gate ;

For thy sweet love rememb'ed such wealth brings
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

257

88

LET those who are in favor with their stars
Of public honor and proud titles boast,
Whilst I, whom fortune of such triumph bars,
Unlookt for joy in that I honor most.

Great princes' favorites their fair leaves spread
But as the marigold at the sun's eye,
And in themselves their pride lies buried,
For at a frown they in their glory die.

The painful warrior famoused for fight,
After a thousand victories once foiled,
Is from the book of honor razèd quite,
And all the rest forgot for which he toiled :

Then happy I, that love and am beloved
Where I may not remove nor be removed.

22.

89

My glass shall not persuade me I am old,
So long as youth and thou are of one date ;
But when in thee time's furrows I behold,
Then look I death my days should expiate.

For all that beauty that doth cover thee
Is but the seemly raiment of my heart,
Which in thy breast doth live, as thine in me :
How can I then be elder than thou art ?

O, therefore, love, be of thyself so wary
As I, not for myself, but for thee will ;
Bearing thy heart, which I will keep so chary
As tender nurse her babe from faring ill.

Presume not on thy heart when mine is slain ;
Thou gavest me thine, not to give back again.

37

90

As a decrepit father takes delight
To see his active child do deeds of youth,
So I, made lame by fortune's dearest spite,
Take all my comfort of thy worth and truth.

For whether beauty, birth, or wealth, or wit,
Or any of these all, or all, or more,
Entitled in thy parts do crownèd sit,
I make my love engrafted to this store :

So then I am not lame, poor, nor despised,
Whilst that this shadow doth such substance give
That I in thy abundance am sufficed
And by a part of all thy glory live.

Look, what is best, that best I wish in thee :
This wish I have ; then ten times happy me !

The poet and his friend are one, but separable

52

91

SIN of self-love possesseth all mine eye,
And all my soul, and all my every part ;
And for this sin there is no remedy,
It is grounded inward in my heart.

Methinks no face so gracious is as mine,
No shape so true, no truth of such account ;
And for myself mine own worth do define,
As I all other in all worths surmount.

But when my glass shows me myself indeed,
Beated and chopt with tanned antiquity,
Mine own self-love quite contrary I read ;
Self so self-loving were iniquity.

'Tis thee, myself, that for myself I praise,
Pointing my age with beauty of thy days.

O, how thy worth with manners may I sing,
When thou art all the better part of me ?
What can mine own praise to mine own self bring ?
And what is't but mine own when I praise thee ?

Even for this let us divided live,
And our dear love lose name of single one,
That by this separation I may give
That due to thee which thou deservest alone.

O absence, what a torment wouldst thou prove,
Were it not thy sour leisure gave sweet leave
To entertain the time with thoughts of love,
Which time and thoughts so sweetly dost deceive !

And that thou teachest how to make one twain,
By praising him here who doth hence remain !

LET me confess that we two must be twain,
Although our undivided loves are one :
So shall those blots that do with me remain
Without thy help by me be borne alone.

In our two loves there is but one respect,
Though in our lives a separable spite,
Which though it alter not love's sole effect,
Yet doth it steal sweet hours from love's delight.

I may not evermore acknowledge thee,
Lest my bewailèd guilt should do thee shame,
Nor thou with public kindness honor me,
Unless thou take that honor from thy name :

But do not so ; I love thee in such sort
As, thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

Thoughts on his own death

2/

94

No longer mourn for me when I am dead
Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell
Give warning to the world that I am fled
From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell :

Nay, if you read this line, remember not
The hand that writ it ; for I love you so
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot
If thinking on me then should make you woe.

O, if, I say, you look upon this verse
When I perhaps compounded am with clay,
Do not so much as my poor name rehearse ;
But let your love even with my life decay :

Lest the wise world should look into your moan.
And mock you with me after I am gone.

72.

95

O, LEST the world should task you to recite
What merit lived in me, that you should love,
After my death, dear love, forget me quite,
For you in me can nothing worthy prove ;

Unless you would devise some virtuous lie,
To do more for me than mine own desert,
And hang more praise upon deceased I
Than niggard truth would willingly impart :

O, lest your true love may seem false in this,
That you for love speak well of me untrue,
My name be buried where my body is,
And live no more to shame nor me nor you.

For I am shamed by that which I bring forth,
And so should you, to love things nothing worth.

33

96

THAT time of year thou mayst in me behold
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.

In me thou seest the twilight of such day
As after sunset fadeth in the west,
Which by and by black night doth take away,
Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.

In me thou seest the glowing of such fire
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
As the death-bed whereon it must expire
Consumed with that which it was nourisht by.

This thou perceivest, which makes thy love more
strong,
To love that well which thou must leave ere long.

97

BUT be contented : when that fell arrest
Without all bail shall carry me away,
My life hath in this line some interest,
Which for memorial still with thee shall stay.

When thou reviewest this, thou dost review
The very part was consecrate to thee :
The earth can have but earth, which is his due ;
My spirit is thine, the better part of me :

So then thou hast but lost the dregs of life,
The prey of worms, my body being dead,
The coward conquest of a wretch's knife.
Too base of thee to be remembered.

The worth of that is that which it contains,
And that is this, and this with thee remains.

61
98

OR I shall live your epitaph to make,
Or you survive when I in earth am rotten ;
From hence your memory death cannot take,
Although in me each part will be forgotten.

Your name from hence immortal life shall have,
Though I, once gone, to all the world must die :
The earth can yield me but a common grave,
When you entombèd in men's eyes shall lie.

Your monument shall be my gentle verse,
Which eyes not yet created shall o'er-read,
And tongues to be your being shall rehearse
When all the breathers of this world are dead ;

You still shall live—such virtue hath my pen—
Where breath most breathes, even in the mouths of
men.

On the idea of his love abandoning him

~/
99

SOME glory in their birth, some in their skill,
 Some in their wealth, some in their body's force,
 Some in their garments, though new-fangled ill,
 Some in their hawks and hounds, some in their
 horse ;

And every humor hath his adjunct pleasure,
 Wherein it finds a joy above the rest :
 But these particulars are not my measure ;
 All these I better in one general best.

Thy love is better than high birth to me,
 Richer than wealth, prouder than garments' cost,
 Of more delight than hawks or horses be ;
 And having thee, of all men's pride I boast :

Wretched in this alone, that thou mayest take
 All this away and me most wretched make.

49
100

AGAINST that time, if ever that time come,
When I shall see thee frown on my defects,
When as thy love hath cast his utmost sum,
Called to that audit by advised respects ;

Against that time when thou shalt strangely pass
And scarcely greet me with that sun, thine eye,
When love, converted from the thing it was,
Shall reasons find of settled gravity ;—

Against that time do I ensconce me here
Within the knowledge of mine own desert,
And this my hand against myself uprear,
To guard the lawful reasons on thy part :

To leave poor me thou hast the strength of laws,
Since why to love I can allege no cause.

,

101

WHEN thou shalt be disposed to set me light
And place my merit in the eye of scorn,
Upon thy side against myself I'll fight
And prove thee virtuous, though thou art forsworn.

With mine own weakness being best acquainted,
Upon thy part I can set down a story
Of faults concealed, wherein I am attainted,
That thou in losing me shalt win much glory :

And I by this will be a gainer too ;
For bending all my loving thoughts on thee,
The injuries that to myself I do,
Doing thee vantage, double-vantage me.

Such is my love, to thee I so belong,
That for thy right myself will bear all wrong.

69
102

SAY that thou didst forsake me for some fault,
And I will comment upon that offence :
Speak of my lameness, and I straight will halt,
Against thy reasons making no defence.

Thou canst not, love, disgrace me half so ill,
To set a form upon desired change,
As I'll myself disgrace : knowing thy will,
I will acquaintance strangle and look strange ;

Be absent from thy walks ; and in my tongue
Thy sweet beloved name no more shall dwell,
Lest I, too much profane, should do it wrong
And haply of our old acquaintance tell.

For thee against myself I'll vow debate,
For I must ne'er love him whom thou dost hate.

103

THEN hate me when thou wilt ; if ever, now ;
Now, while the world is bent my deeds to cross,
Join with the spite of fortune, make me bow,
And do not drop in for an after-loss :

Ah, do not, when my heart hath 'scaped this sorrow,
Come in the rearward of a conquer'd woe ;
Give not a windy night a rainy morrow,
To linger out a purposed overthrow.

If thou wilt leave me, do not leave me last,
When other petty griefs have done their spite,
But in the onset come ; so shall I taste
At first the very worst of fortune's might,

And other strains of woe, which now seem woe,
Compared with loss of thee, will not seem so.

42

104

BUT do thy worst to steal thyself away,
For term of life thou art assurèd mine,
And life no longer than thy love will stay,
For it depends upon that love of thine.

Then need I not to fear the worst of wrongs,
When in the least of them my life hath end :
I see a better state to me belongs
Than that which on thy humor doth depend.

Thou canst not vex me with inconstant mind,
Since that my life on thy revolt doth lie :
O, what a happy title do I find,
Happy to have thy love, happy to die !

But what's so blessed-fair that fears no blot ?
Thou mayst be false, and yet I know it not.

V

EPISODE OF THE DARK MISTRESS WOOING THE FAIR FRIEND

105

Two loves I have of comfort and despair,
Which like two spirits do suggest me still :
The better angel is a man right fair,
The worser spirit a woman colored ill.

To win me soon to hell, my female evil
Tempteth my better angel from my side,
And would corrupt my saint to be a devil,
Wooing his purity with her foul pride.

And whether that my angel be turned fiend
Suspect I may, yet not directly tell ;
But being both from me, both to each friend,
I guess one angel in another's hell :

Yet this shall I ne'er know, but live in doubt,
Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

143

The poet resigns his friend to his mistress

:33

106

BESHREW that heart that makes my heart to groan
For that deep wound it gives my friend and me !
Is 't not enough to torture me alone,
But slave to slavery my sweet'st friend must be ?

Me from myself thy cruel eye hath taken,
And my next self thou harder hast engrossed :
Of him, myself, and thee, I am forsaken ;
A torment thrice threefold thus to be crossed.

Prison my heart in thy steel bosom's ward,
But then my friend's heart let my poor heart bail ;
Whoe'er keeps me, let my heart be his guard ;
Thou canst not then use rigor in my jail :

And yet thou wilt ; for I, being pent in thee,
Perforce am thine, and all that is in me.

134

107

So, now I have confest that he is thine,
And I myself am mortgaged to thy will,
Myself I'll forfeit, so that other mine
Thou wilt restore, to be my comfort still :

But thou wilt not, nor he will not be free,
For thou art covetous, and he is kind ;
He learned but surety-like to write for me
Under that bond that him as fast doth bind.

The statute of thy beauty thou wilt take,
Thou usurer, thou put'st forth all to use,
And sue a friend came debtor for my sake ;
So him I lose through my unkind abuse.

Him have I lost ; thou hast both him and me :
He pays the whole, and yet am I not free.

And his mistress to his friend, and forgives
them

108

TAKE all my loves, my love, yea, take them all ;
What hast thou then more than thou hadst before ?
No love, my love, that thou mayst true love call ;
All mine was thine before thou hadst this more.

Then if for my love thou my love receivest,
I cannot blame thee for my love thou usest ;
But yet be blamed, if thou this self deceivest
By wilful taste of what thyself refusest.

I do forgive thy robbery, gentle thief,
Although thou steal thee all my poverty ;
And yet, love knows, it is a greater grief
To bear love's wrong than hate's known injury.

Lascivious grace, in whom all ill well shows,
Kill me with spites ; yet we must not be foes.

109

THOSE pretty wrongs that liberty commits,
When I am sometime absent from thy heart,
Thy beauty and thy years full well befits,
For still temptation follows where thou art.

Gentle thou art, and therefore to be won ;
Beauteous thou art, therefore to be assailed ;
And when a woman woos, what woman's son
Will sourly leave her till she have prevailed ?

Ay me ! but yet thou mightst, my sweet, forbear,
And chide thy beauty and thy straying youth,
Who lead thee in their riot even there
Where thou art forced to break a twofold truth :

Hers, by thy beauty tempting her to thee,
Thine, by thy beauty being false to me.

42

110

THAT thou hast her, it is not all my grief,
And yet it may be said I loved her dearly ;
That she hath thee, is of my wailing chief,
A loss in love that touches me more nearly.

Loving offenders, thus I will excuse ye :
Thou dost love her, because thou know'st I love her ;
And for my sake even so doth she abuse me,
Suffering my friend for my sake to approve her.

If I lose thee, my loss is my love's gain,
And losing her, my friend hath found that loss ;
Both find each other, and I lose both twain,
And both for my sake lay on me this cross.

But here's the joy : my friend and I are one ;
Sweet flattery ! then she loves but me alone.

25

III

No more be grieved at that which thou hast done :
Roses have thorns, and silver fountains mud ;
Clouds and eclipses stain both moon and sun,
And loathsome canker lives in sweetest bud.

All men make faults, and even I in this
Authorising thy trespass with compare,
Myself corrupting, salving thy amiss,
Excusing thy sins more than thy sins are ;

For to thy sensual fault I bring in sense—
Thy adverse party is thy advocate—
And 'gainst myself a lawful plea commence :
Such civil war is in my love and hate

That I an accessory needs must be
To that sweet thief which sourly robs from me.

He still hopes to retain his mistress's love

. 73

112

Lo ! as a careful housewife runs to catch
One of her feathered creatures broke away,
Sets down her babe and makes all swift dispatch
In púrsuit of the thing she would have stay ;

Whilst her neglected child holds her in chase,
Cries to catch her whose busy care is bent
To follow that which flies before her face,
Not prizing her poor infant's discontent :

So runn'st thou after that which flies from thee,
Whilst I thy babe chase thee afar behind ;
But if thou catch thy hope, turn back to me,
And play the mother's part, kiss me, be kind :

So will I pray that thou mayst have thy *Will*,
If thou turn back, and my loud crying still.

128 ~

113

WHOEVER hath her wish, thou hast thy *Will*,
And *Will* to boot, and *Will* in overplus ;
More than enough am I that vex thee still,
To thy sweet will making addition thus.

Wilt thou, whose will is large and spacious,
Not once vouchsafe to hide my will in thine ?
Shall will in others seem right gracious,
And in my will no fair acceptance shine ?

The sea, all water, yet receives rain still
And in abundance addeth to his store ;
So thou, being rich in *Will*, add to thy *Will*
One will of mine, to make thy large *Will* more.

Let no unkindness fair beseechers kill ;
Think all but one, and me in that one *Will*.

An untenable position

138.

114

WHEN my love swears that she is made of truth,
I do believe her, though I know she lies,
That she might think me some untutored youth,
Unlearnèd in the world's false subtleties.

Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,
Although she knows my days are past the best,
Simply I credit her false-speaking tongue :
On both sides thus is simple truth suppress.

But wherefore says she not she is unjust ?
And wherefore say not I that I am old ?
O, love's best habit is in seeming trust,
And age in love loves not to have years told :

Therefore I lie with her and she with me,
And in our faults by lies we flattered be.

157

115

Love is too young to know what conscience is :

Yet who knows not conscience is born of love ?

Then, gentle cheater, urge not my amiss,

Lest guilty of my faults thy sweet self prove.

For, thou betraying me, I do betray

My nobler part to my gross body's treason ;

My soul doth tell my body that he may

Triumph in love ; flesh stays no farther reason ;

But, rising at the name, doth point out thee

As his triumphant prize : proud of this pride,

He is contented thy poor drudge to be,

To stand in thy affairs, fall by thy side.

No want of conscience hold it that I call

Her "love" for whose dear love I rise and fall.

He expostulates with his mistress

135

116

O, call not me to justify the wrong
That thy unkindness lays upon my heart ;
Wound me not with thine eyes, but with thy tongue ;
Use power with power, and slay me not by art.

Tell me thou lovest elsewhere ; but in my sight,
Dear heart, forbear to glance thine eye aside :
What need'st thou wound with cunning, when thy
might
Is more than my o'er-prest defence can bide ?

Let me excuse thee : ah ! my love well knows
Her pretty looks have been mine enemies,
And therefore from my face she turns my foes,
That they elsewhere might dart their injuries :

Yet do not so ; but since I am near slain,
Kill me outright with looks, and rid my pain.

140

117

Be wise as thou art cruel ; do not press
My tongue-tied patience with too much disdain ;
Lest sorrow lend me words, and words express
The manner of my pity-wanting pain.

If I might teach thee wit, better it were,
Though not to love, yet, love, to tell me so ;
As testy sick-men, when their deaths be near,
No news but health from their physicians know ;

For if I should despair, I should grow mad,
And in my madness might speak ill of thee :
Now this ill-wresting world is grown so bad,
Mad slanderers by mad ears believed be.

That I may not be so, nor thou belied,
Bear thine eyes straight, though thy proud heart go
wide.

3

118

So shall I live, supposing thou art true,
 Like a deceived husband ; so love's face
May still seem love to me, though altered new ;
 Thy looks with me, thy heart in other place.

For there can live no hatred in thine eye,
 Therefore in that I cannot know thy change :
In many's looks the false heart's history
 Is writ in moods and frowns and wrinkles strange ;

But heaven in thy creation did decree
 That in thy face sweet love should ever dwell :
Whate'er thy thoughts or thy heart's workings be,
 Thy looks should nothing thence but sweetness tell.

How like Eve's apple doth thy beauty grow,
If thy sweet virtue answer not thy show !

119

Love is my sin, and thy dear virtue hate,
Hate of my sin, grounded on sinful loving :
O, but with mine compare thou thine own state,
And thou shalt find it merits not reproving ;

Or, if it do, not from those lips of thine,
That have profaned their scarlet ornaments
And sealed false bonds of love as oft as mine,
Robbed others' beds' revénues of their rents.

Be it lawful I love thee, as thou lovest those
Whom thine eyes woo as mine importune thee :
Root pity in thy heart, that when it grows
Thy pity may deserve to pitied be.

If thou dost seek to have what thou dost hide,
By self-example mayst thou be denied !

120

THEY that have power to hurt, and will do none,
That do not do the thing they most do show,
Who, moving others, are themselves as stone,
Unmovèd, cold, and to temptation slow :

They rightly do inherit heaven's graces
And husband nature's riches from expense ;
They are the lords and owners of their faces,
Others, but stewards of their excellence.

The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,
Though to itself it only live and die,
But if that flower with base infection meet,
The basest weed outbraves his dignity ;

For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds :
Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.

121

How sweet and lovely dost thou make the shame
Which, like a canker in the fragrant rose,
Doth spot the beauty of thy budding name!
O, in what sweets dost thou thy sins enclose!

That tongue that tells the story of thy days,
Making lascivious comments on thy sport,
Cannot dispraise but in a kind of praise:
Naming thy name blesses an ill report.

O, what a mansion have those vices got,
Which for their habitation chose out thee,
Where beauty's veil doth cover every blot,
And all things turn to fair that eyes can see!

Take heed, dear heart, of this large privilege:
The hardest knife ill-used doth lose his edge.

96
122

SOME say thy fault is youth, some wantonness ;
Some say thy grace is youth and gentle sport ;
Both grace and faults are loved of more and less :
Thou makest faults graces that to thee resort.

As on the finger of a thronèd queen
The basest jewel will be well esteemed,
So are those errors that in thee are seen
To truths translated, and for true things deemed.

How many lambs might the stern wolf betray,
If like a lamb he could his looks translate !
How many gazers mightst thou lead away,
If thou wouldst use the strength of all thy state !

But do not so ; I love thee in such sort
As, thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

64
123

THOSE parts of thee that the world's eye doth view,
Want nothing that the thought of hearts can
mend :

All tongues, the voice of souls, give thee that due,
Uttering bare truth, even so as foes commend.

Thy outward thus with outward praise is crowned ;
But those same tongues that give thee so thine
own

In other accents do this praise confound
By seeing farther than the eye hath shown.

They look into the beauty of thy mind,
And that, in guess, they measure by thy deeds ;
Then, churls, their thoughts, although their eyes
were kind,
To thy fair flower add the rank smell of weeds :

But why thy odor matcheth not thy show,
The solve is this, that thou dost common grow.

Becomes dissatisfied, and denounces her

137

124

THOU blind fool, Love, what dost thou to mine eyes,
That they behold, and see not what they see?
They know what beauty is, see where it lies,
Yet what the best is take the worst to be.

If eyes, corrupt by over-partial looks,
Be anchored in the bay where all men ride,
Why of eyes' falsehood hast thou forged hooks,
Whereto the judgment of my heart is tied?

Why should my heart think that a several plot
Which my heart knows the wide world's common
place?

Or mine eyes seeing this, say this is not,
To put fair truth upon so foul a face?

In things right true my heart and eyes have erred,
And to this false plague are they now transferred.

125

O ME ! what eyes hath Love put in my head,
Which have no correspondence with true sight !
Or, if they have, where is my judgment fled,
That censures falsely what they see aright ?

If that be fair whereon my false eyes dote,
What means the world to say it is not so ?
If it be not, then love doth well denote
Love's eye is not so true as all men's : no,

How can it ? O, how can Love's eye be true,
That is so vext with watching and with tears ?
No marvel then, though I mistake my view :
The sun itself sees not till heaven clears.

O cunning Love ! with tears thou keep'st me blind,
Lest eyes well-seeing thy foul faults should find.

144

126

CANST thou, O cruel ! say I love thee not,
When I against myself with thee partake ?
Do I not think on thee, when I, forgot,
Am of myself all tyrant, for thy sake ?

Who hateth thee that I do call my friend ?
On whom frown'st thou that I do fawn upon ?
Nay, if thou lour'st on me, do I not spend
Revenge upon myself with present moan ?

What merit do I in myself respect,
That is so proud thy service to despise,
When all my best doth worship thy defect,
Commanded by the motion of thine eyes ?

But, love, hate on, for now I know thy mind :
Those that can see thou lovest, and I am blind.

150

127

O, FROM what power hast thou this powerful might,
With insufficiency my heart to sway?
To make me give the lie to my true sight,
And swear that brightness doth not grace the day?

Whence hast thou this becoming of things ill,
That in the very refuse of thy deeds
There is such strength and warrantise of skill
That, in my mind, thy worst all best exceeds?

Who taught thee how to make me love thee more
The more I hear and see just cause of hate?
O, though I love what others do abhor,
With others thou shouldst not abhor my state:

If thy unworthiness raised love in me,
More worthy I to be beloved of thee.

141

128

IN faith, I do not love thee with mine eyes,
For they in thee a thousand errors note ;
But 'tis my heart that loves what they despise,
Who in despite of view is pleased to dote ;

Nor are mine ears with thy tongue's tune delighted,
Nor tender feeling to base touches prone ;
Nor taste, nor smell desire to be invited
To any sensual feast with thee alone :

But my five wits nor my five senses can
Dissuade one foolish heart from serving thee,
Who leaves unswayed the likeness of a man,
Thy proud heart's slave and vassal wretch to be :

Only my plague thus far I count my gain,
That she that makes me sin awards me pain.

147

129

My love is as a fever, longing still

For that which longer nurseth the disease,
Feeding on that which doth preserve the ill,
Th' uncertain sickly appetite to please.

My reason, the physician to my love,

Angry that his prescriptions are not kept,
Hath left me, and I desperate now approve
Desire is death, which physic did except.

Past cure I am, now reason is past care,

And frantic-mad with evermore unrest ;
My thoughts and my discourse as madmen's are,
At random from the truth vainly exprest ;

For I have sworn thee fair, and thought thee bright,
Who art as black as hell, as dark as night.

152-

130

IN loving thee thou know'st I am forsworn,
But thou art twice forsworn, to me love swearing,
In act thy bed-vow broke and new faith torn
In vowing new hate after new love bearing.

But why of two oaths' breach do I accuse thee,
When I break twenty? I am perjured most;
For all my vows are oaths but to misuse thee,
And all my honest faith in thee is lost.

For I have sworn deep oaths of thy deep kindness,
Oaths of thy love, thy truth, thy constancy,
And, to enlighten thee, gave eyes to blindness,
Or made them swear against the thing they see;

For I have sworn thee fair: more perjured eye,
To swear against the truth so foul a lie!

VI

RESUMPTION OF THE THEME OF ETER- NISING THE FAIR FRIEND, AND ON THE CONSTANCY OF THE POET'S LOVE, IN SPITE OF THE DECAY OF BEAUTY

100

131

WHERE art thou, Muse, that thou forget'st so long
To speak of that which gives thee all thy might?
Spend'st thou thy fury on some worthless song,
Darkening thy power to lend base subjects light?

Return, forgetful Muse, and straight redeem
In gentle numbers time so idly spent;
Sing to the ear that doth thy lays esteem
And gives thy pen both skill and argument.

Rise, resty Muse, my love's sweet face survey,
If Time have any wrinkle graven there;
If any, be a satire to decay,
And make Time's spoils despised everywhere.

Give my love fame faster than Time wastes life;
So thou prevent'st his scythe and crooked knife.

169

101

132

O TRUANT Muse, what shall be thy amends
For thy neglect of truth in beauty dyed ?
Both truth and beauty on my love depends ;
So dost thou too, and therein dignified.

Make answer, Muse : wilt thou not haply say
"Truth needs no color, with his color fixt ;
Beauty no pencil, beauty's truth to lay ;
But best is best, if never intermixt" ?

Because he needs no praise, wilt thou be dumb ?
Excuse not silence so ; for 't lies in thee
To make him much outlive a gilded tomb,
And to be praised of ages yet to be.

Then do thy office, Muse ; I teach thee how
To make him seem long hence as he shows now.

102

133

My love is strengthened, though more weak in
seeming ;

I love not less, though less the show appear :
That love is merchandised whose rich esteeming
The owner's tongue doth publish everywhere.

Our love was new, and then but in the spring,
When I was wont to greet it with my lays,
As Philomel in summer's front doth sing
And stops her pipe in growth of riper days :

Not that the summer is less pleasant now
Than when her mournful hymns did hush the night,
But that wild music burthens every bough
And sweets grown common lose their dear delight.

Therefore, like her, I sometime hold my tongue,
Because I would not dull you with my song.

56

134

SWEET love, renew thy force ; be it not said
Thy edge should blunter be than appetite,
Which but to-day by feeding is allayed,
To-morrow sharpened in his former might :

So, love, be thou ; although to-day thou fill
Thy hungry eyes even till they wink with fullness,
To-morrow see again, and do not kill
The spirit of love with a perpetual dullness.

Let this sad interim like the ocean be
Which parts the shore, where two contracted new
Come daily to the banks, that, when they see
Return of love, more blest may be the view :

Else call it winter, which being full of care
Makes summer's welcome thrice more wish'd, more
rare.

103-
135

LET not my love be called idolatry,
Nor my beloved as an idol show,
Since all alike my songs and praises be
To one, of one, still such, and ever so.

Kind is my love to-day, to-morrow kind,
Still constant in a wondrous excellence ;
Therefore my verse to constancy confined,
One thing expressing, leaves out difference.

"Fair, kind, and true" is all my argument,
"Fair, kind, and true" varying to other words ;
And in this change is my invention spent,
Three themes in one, which wondrous scope affords.

"Fair, kind, and true," have often lived alone,
Which three, till now, never kept seat in one.

178

136

WHAT's in the brain that ink may character
Which hath not figured to thee my true spirit?
What's new to speak, what now to register,
That may express my love or thy dear merit?

Nothing, sweet boy; but yet, like prayers divine,
I must each day say o'er the very same,
Counting no old thing old, thou mine, I thine,
Even as when first I hallowed thy fair name.

So that eternal love in love's fresh case
Weighs not the dust and injury of age,
Nor gives to necessary wrinkles place,
But makes antiquity for aye his page,

Finding the first conceit of love there bred
Where time and outward form would show it dead.

134
137

To me, fair friend, you never can be old,
 For as you were when first your eye I eyed,
 Such seems your beauty still. Three winters cold
 Have from the forests shook three summers' pride

Three beauteous springs to yellow autumn turned
 In process of the seasons have I seen,
 Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burned,
 Since first I saw you fresh, which yet are green.

Ah! yet doth beauty, like a dial-hand,
 Steal from his figure, and no pace perceived;
 So your sweet hue, which methinks still doth stand,
 Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceived:—

For fear of which, hear this, thou age unbred:
 Ere you were born was beauty's summer dead.

124

138

If my dear love were but the child of state,
It might for Fortune's bastard be unfathered,
As subject to Time's love or to Time's hate,
Weeds among weeds, or flowers with flowers
gathered.

No, it was builded far from accident ;
It suffers not in smiling pomp, nor falls
Under the blow of thrallèd discontent,
Whereto th' inviting time our fashion calls :

It fears not policy, that heretic,
Which works on leases of short-numb'red hours,
But all alone stands hugely politic,
That it nor grows with heat nor drowns with
showers.

To this I witness call the fools of Time,
Which die for goodness, who have lived for crime.

139

WERE 'T aught to me I bore the canopy,
With my extern the outward honoring,
Or laid great bases for eternity,
Which proves more short than waste or ruining?

Have I not seen dwellers on form and favor
Lose all, and more, by paying too much rent,
For compound sweet forgoing simple savor,
Pitiful thrivers, in their gazing spent?

No, let me be obsequious in thy heart,
And take thou my oblation, poor but free,
Which is not mixt with seconds, knows no art,
But mutual render, only me for thee.

Hence, thou suborned informer! a true soul
When most impeacht stands least in thy control.

123

140

No, Time, thou shalt not boast that I do change :

Thy pyramids built up with newer might
To me are nothing novel, nothing strange ;
They are but dressings of a former sight :

Our dates are brief, and therefore we admire /

What thou dost foist upon us that is old,
And rather make them borne to our desire
Than think that we before have heard them told :

Thy registers and thee I both defy,

Not wondering at the present nor the past ;
For thy recórd's and what we see doth lie,
Made more or less by thy continual haste :—

This I do vow, and this shall ever be :

I will be true, despite thy scythe and thee.

141

THOSE lines that I before have writ do lie,
Even those that said I could not love you dearer ;
Yet then my judgment knew no reason why
My most full flame should afterwards burn clearer.

But reckoning Time, whose million'd accidents
Creep in 'twixt vows, and change decrees of kings,
Tan sacred beauty, blunt the sharp'st intent,
Divert strong minds to th' course of altering things ;

Alas, why, fearing of Time's tyranny,
Might I not then say "Now I love you best,"
When I was certain o'er incertainty,
Crowning the present, doubting of the rest ?

Love is a babe ; then might I not say so,
To give full growth to that which still doth grow.

113

142

LET me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove :

O, no ! it is an ever-fixed mark
That looks on tempests and is never shaken ;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be
taken.

Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come ;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.

If this be error and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

107
143

Nor mine own fears, nor the prophetic soul
Of the wide world, dreaming on things to come,
Can yet the lease of my true love control,
Supposed as forfeit to a confined doom.

The mortal moon hath her eclipse endured
And the sad augurs mock their own presage ;
Incertainties now crown themselves assured,
And peace proclaims olives of endless age.

Now with the drops of this most balmy time
My love looks fresh, and Death to me subscribes,
Since, spite of him, I'll live in this poor rime,
While he insults o'er dull and speechless tribes ;

And thou in this shall find thy monument,
When tyrants' crests and tombs of brass are spent.

144

Nor marble, nor the gilded monuments
Of princes shall outlive this powerful rime ;
But you shall shine more bright in these contents
Than unswept stone besmeared with sluttish time.

When wasteful war shall statues overturn,
And broils root out the work of masonry,
Nor Mars his sword nor war's quick fire shall burn
The living record of your memory.

'Gainst death and all oblivious enmity
Shall you pace forth ; your praise shall still find
room
Even in the eyes of all posterity
That wear this world out to the ending doom.

So, till the judgment that yourself arise,
You live in this and dwell in lovers' eyes.

VII

SONNETS ADDRESSED TO HIS PATRON

145

LORD of my love, to whom in vassalage
Thy merit hath my duty strongly knit,
To thee I send this written ambassage,
To witness duty, not to show my wit :

Duty so great, which wit so poor as mine
May make seem bare, in wanting words to show it,
But that I hope some good conceit of thine
In thy soul's thought, all naked, will bestow it ;

Till whatsoever star that guides my moving
Points on me graciously with fair aspect
And puts apparel on my tottered loving,
To show me worthy of thy sweet respect :

Then may I dare to boast how I do love thee ;
Till then, not show my head where thou mayst
prove me.

38

146

How can my Muse want subject to invent,
While thou dost breathe, that pour'st into my verse
Thine own sweet argument, too excellent
For every vulgar paper to rehearse?

O, give thyself the thanks, if aught in me
Worthy perusal stand against thy sight;
For who's so dumb that cannot write to thee,
When thou thyself dost give invention light?

Be thou the tenth Muse, ten times more in worth
Than those old nine which rimers invoke:
And he that calls on thee, let him bring forth
Eternal numbers to outlive long date.

If my slight Muse do please these curious days,
The pain be mine, but thine shall be the praise.

Excuses

23

147

As an unperfect actor on the stage

Who with his fear is put besides his part,
Or some fierce thing replete with too much rage,
Whose strength's abundance weakens his own heart ;

So I, for fear of trust, forget to say

The perfect ceremony of love's rite,
And in mine own love's strength seem to decay,
O'ercharged with burden of mine own love's might.

O, let my looks be then the eloquence

And dumb presagers of my speaking breast,
Who plead for love and look for recompense
More than that tongue that more hath more exprest.

O, learn to read what silent love hath writ :

To hear with eyes belongs to love's fine wit.

103

148

ALACK, what poverty my Muse brings forth,
That having such a scope to show her pride,
The argument, all bare, is of more worth
Than when it hath my added praise beside !

O, blame me not, if I no more can write !
Look in your glass, and there appears a face
That over-goes my blunt invention quite,
Dulling my lines and doing me disgrace.

Were it not sinful then, striving to mend,
To mar the subject that before was well ?
For to no other pass my verses tend
Than of your graces and your gifts to tell ;

And more, much more, than in my verse can sit
Your own glass shows you when you look in it.

References to rival poets, and to one in
particular

76
149

WHY is my verse so barren of new pride?
So far from variation or quick change?
Why with the time do I not glance aside
To new-found methods and to compounds strange?

Why write I still all one, ever the same,
And keep invention in a noted weed,
That every word doth almost tell my name,
Showing their birth and where they did proceed?

O, know, sweet love, I always write of you,
And you and love are still my argument;
So all my best is dressing old words new,
Spending again what is already spent:

For as the sun is daily new and old,
So is my love still telling what is told.

78
150

So oft have I invoked thee for my Muse,
And found such fair assistance in my verse,
As every alien pen hath got my use,
And under thee their poesy disperse.

Thine eyes that taught the dumb on high to sing,
And heavy ignorance aloft to fly,
Have added feathers to the learnèd's wing,
And given grace a double majesty.

Yet be most proud of that which I compile,
Whose influence is thine and born of thee :
In others' works thou dost but mend the style,
And arts with thy sweet graces graced be ;

But thou art all my art, and dost advance
As high as learning my rude ignorance.

74

151

WHILST I alone did call upon thy aid,
My verse alone had all thy gentle grace,
But now my gracious numbers are decayed
And my sick Muse doth give another place.

I grant, sweet love, thy lovely argument
Deserves the travail of a worthier pen ;
Yet what of thee thy poet doth invent,
He robs thee of, and pays it thee again.

He lends thee virtue, and he stole that word
From thy behavior ; beauty doth he give,
And found it in thy cheek : he can afford
No praise to thee but what in thee doth live.

Then thank him not for that which he doth say,
Since what he owes thee, thou thyself dost pay.

84

152

Who is it that says most? which can say more
 Than this rich praise, that you alone are you?
 In whose confine immurèd is the store
 Which should example where your equal grew?

Lean penury within that pen doth dwell
 That to his subject lends not some small glory;
 But he that writes of you, if he can tell
 That you are you, so dignifies his story.

Let him but copy what in you is writ,
 Not making worse what nature made so clear,
 And such a counterpart shall fame his wit,
 Making his style admirèd everywhere.

You to your beauteous blessings add a curse,
 Being fond on praise, which makes your praises
 worse.

82

153

I GRANT thou wert not married to my Muse,
And therefore mayst without attaint o'erlook
The dedicated words which writers use
Of their fair subject, blessing every book.

Thou art as fair in knowledge as in hue,
Finding thy worth a limit past my praise,
And therefore art enforced to seek anew
Some fresher stamp of the time-bettering days.

And do so, love ; yet when they have devised
What strained touches rhetoric can lend,
Thou truly fair wert truly sympathised
In true plain words by thy true-telling friend ;

And their gross painting might be better used
Where cheeks need blood : in thee it is abused.

83

154

I NEVER saw that you did painting need
And therefore to your fair no painting set :
I found, or thought I found, you did exceed
The barren tender of a poet's debt ;

And therefore have I slept in your report,
That you yourself being extant well might show
How far a modern quill doth come too short
Speaking of worth, what worth in you doth grow.

This silence for my sin you did impute,
Which shall be most my glory, being dumb ;
For I impair not beauty being mute,
When others would give life and bring a tomb.

There lives more life in one of your fair eyes
Than both your poets can in praise devise.

155

Was it the proud full sail of his great verse,
Bound for the prize of all-too-precious you,
That did my ripe thoughts in my brain inhearse,
Making their tomb the womb wherein they grew?

Was it his spirit, by spirits taught to write
Above a mortal pitch, that struck me dead?
No, neither he, nor his compeers by night
Giving him aid, my verse astonished.

He, nor that affable familiar ghost
Which nightly gulls him with intelligence,
As victors of my silence cannot boast;
I was not sick of any fear from thence;

But when your countenance filled up his line,
Then lackt I matter: that enfeebled mine.

156

O, how I faint when I of you do write,
Knowing a better spirit doth use your name,
And in the praise thereof spends all his might,
To make me tongue-tied, speaking of your fame !

But since your worth, wide as the ocean is,
The humble as the proudest sail doth bear,
My saucy bark, inferior far to his,
On your broad main doth wilfully appear.

Your shallowest help will hold me up afloat,
Whilst he upon your soundless deep doth ride ;
Or, being wrackt, I am a worthless boat,
He of tall building and of goodly pride.

Then if he thrive and I be cast away,
The worst was this : my love was my decay.

157

My tongue-tied Muse in manners holds her still,
While comments of your praise, richly compiled,
Reserve their character with golden quill
And precious phrase by all the Muses filed.

I think good thoughts whilst other write good
words,
And like unlettered clerk still cry "Amen"
To every hymn that able spirit affords
In polisht form of well-refined pen.

Hearing you praised, I say "'Tis so, 'tis true,"
And to the most of praise add something more;
But that is in my thought, whose love to you,
Though words come hindmost, holds his rank
before.

Then others for the breath of words respect,
Me for my dumb thoughts, speaking in effect.

31

158

If thou survive my well-contented day,
When that churl Death my bones with dust shall
cover,
And shalt by fortune once more re-survey
These poor rude lines of thy deceased lover :

Compare them with the bettering of the time,
And though they be outstript by every pen,
Reserve them for my love, not for their rime,
Exceeded by the height of happier men.

O, then vouchsafe me but this loving thought :
“Had my friend’s Muse grown with this growing
age,
A dearer birth than this his love had brought,
To march in ranks of better equipage ;

But since he died and poets better prove,
Theirs for their style I’ll read, his for his love.”

VIII

LATE MISCELLANEOUS SONNETS

To various (?) persons

??
159

THY glass will show thee how thy beauties wear,
Thy dial how thy precious minutes waste ;
These vacant leaves thy mind's imprint will bear,
And of this book this learning mayst thou taste.

The wrinkles which thy glass will truly show
Of mouthèd graves will give thee memory ;
Thou by thy dial's shady stealth mayst know
Time's thievish progress to eternity.

Look, what thy memory cannot contain
Commit to these waste blanks, and thou shalt find
Those children nurst, delivered from thy brain,
To take a new acquaintance of thy mind.

These offices, so oft as thou wilt look,
Shall profit thee, and much enrich thy book.

122

160

THY gift, thy tables, are within my brain
Full charactered with lasting memory,
Which shall above that idle rank remain
Beyond all date, even to eternity ;

Or at the least, so long as brain and heart
Have faculty by nature to subsist ;
Till each to razed oblivion yield his part
Of thee, thy record never can be mist.

That poor retention could not so much hold,
Nor need I tallies thy dear love to score ;
Therefore to give them from me was I bold,
To trust those tables that receive thee more :

To keep an adjunct to remember thee
Were to import forgetfulness in me.

70

161

THAT thou art blamed shall not be thy defect,
For slander's mark was ever yet the fair ;
The ornament of beauty is suspect,
A crow that flies in heaven's sweetest air.

So thou be good, slander doth but approve
Thy worth the greater, being wooed of time ;
For canker vice the sweetest buds doth love,
And thou present'st a pure unstained prime.

Thou hast past by the ambush of young days,
Either not assailed, or victor being charged ;
Yet this thy praise cannot be so thy praise,
To tie up envy evermore enlarged :

If some suspect of ill maskt not thy show,
Then thou alone kingdoms of hearts shouldst owe.

87
162

FAREWELL ! thou art too dear for my possessing,
And like enough thou know'st thy estimate :
The charter of thy worth gives thee releasing ;
My bonds in thee are all determinate.

For how do I hold thee but by thy granting ?
And for that riches where is my deserving ?
The cause of this fair gift in me is wanting,
And so my patent back again is swerving.

Thyself thou gavest, thy own worth then not knowing,
Or me, to whom thou gavest it, else mistaking ;
So thy great gift, upon misprision growing,
Comes home again, on better judgment making.

Thus have I had thee, as a dream doth flatter,
In sleep a king, but waking no such matter.

Lust in action

163

Th' expense of spirit in a waste of shame
Is lust in action ; and till action, lust
Is perjured, murderous, bloody, full of blame,
Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust ;

Enjoyed no sooner, but despised straight ;
Past reason hunted, and no sooner had,
Past reason hated, as a swallowed bait
On purpose laid to make the taker mad :

Mad in pursuit, and in possession so ;
Had, having, and in quest to have, extreme ;
A bliss in proof, and proved, a very woe ;
Before, a joy proposed ; behind, a dream.

All this the world well knows ; yet none knows well
To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell.

To himself

121
164

'Tis better to be vile than vile esteemed,
When not to be, receives reproach of being,
And the just pleasure lost, which is so deemed,
Not by our feeling, but by others' seeing ;

For why should others' false adulterate eyes
Give salutation to my sportive blood ?
Or on my frailties why are frailer spies,
Which in their wills count bad what I think good ?

No, I am that I am, and they that level
At my abuses, reckon up their own :
I may be straight, though they themselves be bevel ;
By their rank thoughts my deeds must not be shown ;

Unless this general evil they maintain,
All men are bad, and in their badness reign.

145

165

POOR soul, the centre of my sinful earth,
[Thrall to] these rebel powers that thee array,
Why dost thou pine within and suffer dearth,
Painting thy outward wall so costly gay?

Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?
Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,
Eat up thy charge? is this thy body's end?

Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,
And let that pine to aggravate thy store;
Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross;
Within be fed, without be rich no more:

So shalt thou feed on Death, that feeds no men,
And Death once dead, there's no more dying then.

26

166

Tired with all these, for restful death I cry,
As, to behold desert a beggar born,
And needy nothing trimmed in jollity,
And purest faith unhappily forsworn,

And gilded honor shamefully misplaced,
And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,
And right perfection wrongfully disgraced,
And strength by limping sway disabled,

And art made tongue-tied by authority,
And folly, doctor-like, controlling skill,
And simple truth miscalled simplicity,
And captive good attending captain ill :

Tired with all these, from these would I be gone,
Save that, to die, I leave my love alone.

To ?

321

167

WHEN to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste :

Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
And weep afresh love's long-since cancelled woe,
And moan th' expense of many a vanisht sight :

Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoanèd moan,
Which I new pay, as if not paid before.

But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
All losses are restored, and sorrows end.

31

168

THY bosom is endeared with all hearts,
Which I by lacking have supposed dead,
And there reigns love and all love's loving parts,
And of those friends which I thought buried.

How many a holy and obsequious tear
Hath dear religious love stolen from mine eye
As interest of the dead, which now appear
But things removed that hidden in there lie !

Thou art the grave where buried love doth live.
Hung with the trophies of my lovers gone,
Who all their parts of me to thee did give ;
That due of many, now is thine alone :

Their images I loved I view in thee,
And thou, all they, hast all the all of me.

NOTES

[A number following Q. indicates the number of the sonnet in the Quarto edition of 1609.]

SECTION I.

1-5. From *Love's Labor Lost*, IV. iii. 26-39, 60-73, ii. 109-22, I. i. 80-93, V. ii. 402-15, respectively. The second and third, slightly variant, were published in *The Passionate Pilgrim* (3 and 5). Notice that the third is in Alexandrines. With 3. 5 and 7 cf. Lilly : "What hath a scholar found out by study, that a courtier hath not found out by practice?" *Sapho and Phao*, I. ii., (1584); and Spenser :—

Thus did she train and teach me with her looks :
Such art of eyes I never read in books.

Amoretti, 21. 13-14, (1595).

✓6. (Q. 145). In octosyllabic verse. By some supposed not to be by Shakespeare, but without sufficient reason. For the sudden shifting of phrases, cf.—

"It cannot be," quoth she, "that so much guile"—
She would have said "can lurk in such a look ;"

But Tarquin's shape came in her mind the while,
 And from her tongue "can lurk" from "cannot" took :
 "It cannot be," she in that sense forsook,
 And turned it thus, "It cannot be, I find,
 But such a face should have a wicked mind."

Lucrece, 1534-40.

3. "Languisht," not merely "simplified spelling," but so in the original.

7-8. From *Love's Labor Lost*, I. i. 162-76, and V. ii. 343-56.
 For 7. 1. cf. 74. 1.

10. From *Romeo and Juliet*, I. v. 95-108.

11. 3. "That fair" = that fair one, *i.e.*, Romeo's former mistress.

12. From *All's Well That Ends Well*, III. iv. 4-17. Helena announces her departure.

13. This is the most accurately dated of all the sonnets, having been written in the summer of 1599, as is shown by an historical allusion in the prologue to the last act of the same play. Although thus certainly a late sonnet (as the sonnets go), it is placed here (with the one preceding, which is of doubtful date) to keep company with the other sonnets from the plays.

✓ 14-15. (Q. 154, 153). Both these are on the same theme, which has been discovered (by Herzberg, 1878) in an epigram by Marianus in the Greek *Palatine Anthology* (IX. 627). It was probably obtained by Shakespeare from some Latin translation.

In the eleventh and twelfth lines of the second, an allusion to Bath has been suspected.

16-18. From *The Passionate Pilgrim* (9, 6, 4). These likewise are replicas on the same theme, and on the one which Shakespeare enlarged into a long poem with the title here given to these three little *jeux d'esprit*. Still a fourth sonnet on this subject was printed in that compilation (II), and is generally included in Shakespeare's works ; but it was previously published in Bartholomew Griffen's *Fidessa*, 1596. It may be repeated here :—

Venus, with young Adonis sitting by her
 Under a myrtle shade, began to woo him.
 She told the youngling how god Mars did try her,
 And as he fell to her, so fell she to him.

"Even thus," quoth she, "the warlike god embraced me,"
 And then she clipt Adonis in her arms ;
 "Even thus," quoth she, "the warlike god unlaced me,"
 As if the boy should use like loving charms ;

"Even thus," quoth she, "he seizèd on my lips,"
 And with her lips on his did act the seizure :
 And as she fetchèd breath, away he skips,
 And would not take her meaning nor her pleasure.

Ah, that I had my lady at this bay,
 To kiss and clip me till I run away !

Perhaps this was intended as a parody of Shakespeare's poem : and it is even possible that all of them were parodies by different hands. With the closing couplet of Griffen's sonnet *cf.*—

And Titan, tired in the mid-day heat,
 With burning eye did hotly overlook him ;

Wishing Adonis had his team to guide,
So he were like him and by Venus' side.

Venus and Adonis, 177-80.

And—

He kisses her ; and she by her good will
Will never rise, so he will kiss her still.

Ib. 479-80.

There is one more sonnet in *The Passionate Pilgrim* which is usually reprinted in Shakespeare's works, though it was probably by Richard Barnfield, in whose *Poems in Divers Humors*, 1598, it first appeared. It follows :—

If music and sweet poetry agree,
As they must needs, the sister and the brother,
Then must the love be great 'twixt thee and me,
Because thou lovest the one, and I the other.

Dowland to thee is dear, whose heavenly touch
Upon the lute doth ravish human sense ;
Spenser to me, whose deep conceit is such
As, passing all conceit, needs no defence.

Thou lovest to hear the sweet melodious sound
That Phoebus' lute, the queen of music makes ;
And I in deep delight am chiefly drowned
Whenas himself to singing he betakes.

One god is god of both, as poets feign ;
One knight loves both, and both in thee remain.

If by any chance this was Shakespeare's, the admiration expressed for Spenser is in keeping with the fact that Shakespeare's *A Lover's Complaint* is written after the manner of Spenser.

SECTION II.

- ✓ 19. (Q. 20). 7. In the Quarto this line is: "A man in hew all *Hews* in his controwling." The emendation of "maiden" for "man in" was suggested by Mr. Beeching. "His" is the old English neuter (as well as masculine) possessive = "its," here referring to "hue." For the conjectures that have been built up on the Q. reading "*Hews*" see the Introduction. It is perfectly possible that *this* sonnet was addressed to a pretty youth named Hughes (and Sonnet 35 to some one named Rose). In this case there is no reason for supposing the first name to be William, since the sonnets punning on the name "Will" need not have been concerned with the same person. Mr. Wyndham notices that Chapman mentions a friend of his named Mr. Robert Hews.

9-11. Cf. this distich of Ausonius:—

Dum dubitat Natura, marem faceretne puellam,

Factus es, o pulcher, paene puella, puer!

In Puerum Formosum.

- ✓ 20. (Q. 53). 1-2. "Shadow," a philosophico-poetical term, then becoming current through the extension of Platonism, meaning "reflected image"; cf.—

Narcissus so himself himself forsook

And died to kiss his shadow in the brook.

Venus and Adonis, 161-2.

It was frequently contrasted with "substance"; cf.—

Each substance of a grief hath twenty shadows,

Which shows like grief itself, but is not so."

Richard III., II. ii. 16-17.

See also Sonnets 23. 8, 70. 5-6, 73. 14, 90. 10.

11. The reference to "your bounty" may perhaps indicate that the person here addressed was a patron of Shakespeare.

✓ 21. (Q. 59). 11. "Whe'er," a not uncommon contraction for "whether."

22. (Q. 106). 5. Cf.

Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit
Do give thee five-fold blazon.

Twelfth Night, I. v. 311-12.

8. Cf. "These [days] he masters now."—*Henry V.*, II. iv. 137.

11. "Look'd," so the Q.

Perhaps 135 and 148 belong here.

✓ 23. (Q. 67). 4. "Lace" = embellish.

5. Cf. "I have heard of your paintings too, well enough. God has given you one face, and you make yourselves another."—*Hamlet*, III. 148-50. "If she be fair, 'tis the better for her; an she be not, she has the mends in her own hands."—*Troilus and Cressida*, I. i. 67-8.

Your mistresses dare never come in rain,
For fear their colours should be washed away.

Love's Labor Lost, IV. iii. 270-1.

"'Tis in the grain, sir: 'twill endure wind and weather."—*Twelfth Night*, I. v. 256.

13. Cf. 24. 13, 37. 12.

14. Cf.—

Alas poor world, what treasure hast thou lost ! . . .
 What canst thou boast
 Of things long since, or anything ensuing ?
Venus and Adonis, 1075, 1077-8.

✓ 24. (Q. 68). 1-2. Cf. 37. 12-14, and the couplet following the lines just quoted :—

The flowers are sweet, their colours fresh and trim ;
 But true sweet beauty lived and died with him.
Venus and Adonis, 1079-80.

5-8. Cf.—

Look on beauty,
 And you shall see 'tis purchased by the weight ;
 Which therein works a miracle in nature,
 Making them lightest that wear most of it.
 So are those crispèd snaky golden locks,
 Which make such wanton gambols with the wind
 Upon supposèd fairness, often known
 To be the dowry of a second head,
 The skull that bred them, in the sepulchre.
Merchant of Venice, III. ii. 88-96.

Thatch your thin roofs
 With burden of the dead—some that were hanged,
 No matter ;—wear them, betray with them.
Timon of Athens, IV. iii. 144-6.

10. Cf.—

So may the outward shows be least themselves ;
 The world is still [= ever] deceived with ornament.

.

Thus ornament is but the guilèd shore
 To a most dangerous sea ; the beauteous scarf
 Veiling an Indian beauty ; in a word,
 The seeming truth which cunning times put on
 To entrap the wisest.

Merchant of Venice, III. 73-4, 97-101.

See also 51. 5-6 and 11-12.

✓ 25. (Q. 54). 4. "Odor," not Americanised spelling, but so in the original.

5. "Canker-blooms" = the canker or dog-rose (a wild flower) ;
 cf. "I had rather be a canker in a hedge than a rose in his grace."
 —*Much Ado About Nothing*, I. iii. 27-8 ; and

To put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose,
 And plant this thorn, this canker, Bolingbroke.

1 *Henry IV.*, I. iii. 175-6.

Elsewhere "canker" means a blighting worm.

7. "Perfumèd," trisyllabic, with accent on the middle syllable.

9-11. Cf. *Venus and Adonis*, 131-2 and 166, to be quoted later,
 and these lines of Wyatt :—

What vailleth the flower
 To stand still and wither ?
 If no man it savour,
 It serves only for sight,
 And fadeth toward night.

That the Season of Enjoyment is Short.

The conceit goes back to Ovid :—

Carpite florem,
 Qui, nisi carptus erit, turpiter ipse cadet.

Ars Amatoria, III. 79-80.

14. "Vade" = fade ; cf. Spenser :—

Her power, disperst through all the world, did vade ;
To shew that all in th' end to nought shall fade.

Bellay's *Ruins of Rome*, 20, 13-14.

The idea expressed in this sonnet is peculiar, and matched only by the end of Sonnet 47. Beauty is treated as external, secondary, and transient, while odour is taken to be inherent, primary, and preservable,—beauty a shadow, odour a substance ; and to the latter is compared the youth's truth or constancy (see Sonnets 19. 3-4 and 20. 14), to the former his beauty. But elsewhere the youth's beauty, or rather beauty embodied in the youth, is taken for the object of first importance, the substance that is to be preserved in one way or another. Even in Sonnet 47 is no direct mention of odour (save only in the adjective "sweet"). But cf. Lilly : "Affection that is bred in enchantment, is like a flower that is wrought in silk, in colour and form most like, but nothing at all in substance or savour."—*Endimion*, I. ii., (1591). "Beauty maketh the brightest show, being the slightest substance."—*Love's Metamorphosis*, I. ii. (published 1601, but acted earlier). And see notes under 47. 7-14.

Mr. Beeching argues from the similarity of the language in line 8 to that in *Hamlet*, I. iii. 37 and 40, that this sonnet was probably written at the same time with that passage (or shortly before 1602). Possibly ; but remember that this would prove nothing about the dates of other sonnets.

✓ 26. (Q. 18). 7. "Every fair" thing "sometimes declines from" being "fair."

10. "Fair" is here a noun, = beauty, as frequently in the sonnets, in the early plays, and in *Venus and Adonis* (v. 1086) "Owest" = ownest.

✓ 27. (Q. 19). 1. Cf. "The prey of Time, which all things doth devour," Spenser's translation of Bellay's *The Ruins of Rome*, 3. 8, (1591); and "Devouring Death," Spenser's own *The Ruins of Time*, 52, (1591). The original is Ovid's "Tempus edax," *Ex Ponto*, IV. x. 7, and *Metamorphoses*, XV. 234. (Cf. "edax vetustas," *ib.* 872.)

✓ 28. (Q. 60). 8. Cf. "the main of waters," *Merchant of Venice*, V. 97, and Sonnet 30. 7.

✓ 29. (Q. 63). 2. Cf. "injurious time," *Troilus and Cressida*, IV. iv. 44, which phrase occurs in Lilly's *Endimion*, I. i., and in Spenser's translation of Bellay's *Ruins of Rome*, 27. 6.

✓ 30. (Q. 64). This sonnet would not belong here, if it stood alone. But the repetition of the four ideas in lines 3-7 in the first line of the next sonnet shows that these two form together a single poem, the second half of which relieves the despondency of the first.

8-8. Cf.—

O God! that one might read the book of fate,
And see the revolution of the times
Make mountains level, and the continent,
Weary of solid firmness, melt itself
Into the sea! and, other times, to see
The beachy girdle of the ocean
Too wide for Neptune's hips; how chances mock,
And changes fill the cup of altercation
With divers liquors!

2 *Henry IV.*, III. i. 45-53.

- ✓ 31. (Q. 65). 10. Cf. "the wastes of time" in Sonnet 12. 10, and—
Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion.

Troilus and Cressida, III. iii. 145-6.

This is Milton's limbo of forgotten things.

- ✓ 32. (Q. 15). 12. Cf.

Hath dimmed your infant morn to aged night.

Richard III., IV. iv. 16.

14. The idea of one thing growing as another wanes (and so replacing and preserving it) frequently recurs in the Sonnets (38. 12, 39. 1-2, 131. 13).

33-48. It has been supposed that these sonnets were actually addressed by Shakespeare to a "Mr. W. H.," or to some friend or patron, with the *bonâ-fide* intention of persuading him to marry (although, except for a slight allusion in 43. 1, and still slighter in 40. 6-9) there is not a word in them on the subject of marriage. It is possible. It is also possible that they are imaginary. It is possible even that they were intended, dramatically, to be considered as addressed to a man by a woman. In *A Lover's Complaint* mention is made of "deep-brained sonnets" received by a young man from his female admirers; and in *Much Ado About Nothing* not only Benedick writes a sonnet to Beatrice, but mention is made of one from Beatrice, "containing her affection unto Benedick" (V. iv. 90). We shall, in the Sonnets, later find a dark lady described as wooing the fair young friend. Possibly some of these sonnets were composed with the intention of representing that courtship. If so, we should have here the same situation as in

the poem of *Venus and Adonis*, in which Venus urges Adonis to breed, in words very similar to some here repeated. Thus :—

Make use of time, let not advantage slip ;
Beauty within itself should not be wasted :
Fair flowers that are not gathered in their prime
Rot and consume themselves in little time. 129-32.

Torches are made to light, jewels to wear,
Dainties to taste, fresh beauty for the use,
Herbs for their smell, and sappy plants to bear ;
Things growing to themselves are growth's abuse :
Seeds spring from seeds, and beauty breedeth beauty
Thou wast begot : to get, it is thy duty.

Upon the earth's increase why shouldst thou feed,
Unless the earth with thy increase be fed ?
By law of nature thou art bound to breed,
That thine may live when thou thyself art dead ;
And so in spite of death, thou dost survive,
In that thy likeness still is left alive. 163-74.

Therefore, despite of fruitless chastity,
Love-lacking vestals and self-loving nuns,
That on the earth would breed a scarcity
And barren dearth of daughters and of sons,
Be prodigal : the lamp that burns by night
Dries up his oil to lend the world his light.

What is thy body but a swallowing grave,
Seeming to bury that posterity
Which by the rights of time thou needs must have
If thou destroy them not in dark obscurity ?

If so, the world will hold thee in disdain,
Sith in thy pride so fair a hope is slain.

So in thyself thyself art made away ;
A mischief worse than civil home-bred strife,
Or theirs whose desperate hands themselves do slay,
Or butcher-sire that reaves his son of life.
Foul cankering rust the hidden treasure frets,
But gold that's put to use more gold begets. 751-68.

These ideas the sonnets only amplify. At all events, it is not improbable that most of the sonnets in this section were written about the same time with *Venus and Adonis*, or about 1592-3, as is indicated also by the parallel passages in the plays. Ideas similar to the chief topic now under treatment are found in the plays only in application to women. So :—

O she she is rich in beauty, only poor
That, when she dies, with beauty dies her store.
— Then she hath sworn that she will still live chaste ?
— She hath, and in that sparing makes huge waste ;
For beauty, starved with her severity,
Cuts beauty off from all posterity.

Romeo and Juliet, I. i. 221-6.

Lady, you are the cruellest she alive,
If you will lead these graces to the grave
And leave the world no copy.

Twelfth Night, I. v. 259-61.

"What is yours to bestow, is not yours to reserve," *Ib.* I. v. 199-200. And see the tirade against virginity in *All's Well That Ends Well*, I. i. 136-78.

✓ 33. (Q. 16). 10. "My pupil pen," not necessarily inexperienced (the "all-unable pen" of 12. 1), but obedient to nature's instruc-

tions, copyist of reality (opposed to the "antique" or original and master-pen of nature in 26. 10),—a hint that he does not exaggerate his phrases.

✓ 34. (Q. 17). 5-6. Mr. Lee compares *Love's Labor Lost*, IV. iii. 322-3.

✓ 35. (Q. 1). 2. For "rose" Q. has "*Rose*."
 8. "Contracted" = bound by contract, betrothed.
 12. Cf. *Romeo and Juliet*, I. i. 224, already quoted.

✓ 36. (Q. 7). 1-4. Cf.—

Who sees the heavenly Rosaline,
 That, like a rude and savage man of Inde,
 At the first opening of the gorgeous east,
 Bows not his vassal head and, stricken blind,
 Kisses the base ground with obedient breast?
Love's Labor Lost, IV. iii. 221-5.

An hour before the worshipt sun
 Peered forth the golden window of the east.
Romeo and Juliet, I. i. 125-6.

And cf. Ben Jonson (after Shakespeare) :—

He that this morn rose proudly, as the sun, . . .
 Came on, as gazed at and admired as he,
 When superstitious Moors salute his light!
Sejanus, V. x., (1603).

(But in *The Masque of Blackness* Jonson speaks of the Æthiops

greeting the rising sun with "volleys of revilings.") And with the quotation from *Romeo and Juliet* cf. Spenser :—

Her looks were like beams of the morning sun,
Forth looking through the windows of the east.

Colin Clout's Come Home Again, 604-5, (written 1591,
revised and published 1595).

8. Cf. "A steep-up-hill," 15, 5, and "the steep uprising of the hill," *Love's Labor Lost*, IV. i. 2.

9 and 11. "Way" and "day" are here transposed from the Q. reading, following Mr. Godwin's suggestion. "Look" in the sense of "look for" is found elsewhere in Shakespeare.

✓ 37. (Q. 14). 2. "Astronomy" = astrology.

8. "Oft," adjective ; "predict," noun, = frequent prediction.

9. Cf.

From women's eyes this knowledge I derive.

Love's Labor Lost, IV. iii. 302.

So already Sidney :—

Though dusty wits dare scorn astrology,

... proof makes me sure

Who oft fore-judge my after-following race,

By only those two stars in Stella's face.

Astrophel and Stella, 26.

12-14. Cf. 24. 1-2 ; also *Romeo and Juliet*, I. i. 221-2, already quoted, and :—

For, he being dead, with him is beauty slain,

And, beauty dead, black chaos comes again.

Venus and Adonis, 1019-20.

✓ 38. (Q. 12). 5. Cf. "A sable silvered," *Hamlet*, I. ii. 242.

✓ 39. (Q. 11). 11. "Thee," Malone's correction of "the" in the Q. The meaning is : She gave to thee more than to any one else whom she best endowed.

14. Cf. *Twelfth Night*, I. v. 200, already quoted.

✓ 40. (Q. 8). 13-14. So in 58. 8 :—

Among a number one is reckoned none.

Cf.—

Which on more view of, many, mine being one,
May stand in number, though in reckoning none.

Romeo and Juliet, I. ii. 32-3.

An old idea ; cf. Marlowe :—

One is no number ; maids are nothing then,
Without the sweet society of men.

Hero and Leander, 1st Sestiad.

This occurs in a passage in which Leander would dissuade Hero from virginity. In the continuation of the poem (1598) Chapman repeats the idea :—

For one no number is : but thence doth flow
The powerful race of number.

5th Sestiad.

And later, Drummond of Hawthornden (writing of kisses) :—

Poor one no number is.

(Ward's ed. vol. i. p. 155.)

✓ 41. (Q. 3). 5. "Uneared" = unploughed.

8. Cf. *Romeo and Juliet*, I. i. 226, and *Venus and Adonis*, 758, already quoted.

9. 10. Cf. "old Lucretius's" address to his daughter's corpse :—

Poor broken glass, I often did behold

In thy sweet semblance my old age new born.

Lucrece, 1758-9.

✓ 42. (Q. 2). 4. "Totter'd," so the Q., = tattered ; again in 145. 11 ;
cf. Marlowe :—

This tottered ensign of my ancesters.

Edward II., II. iii. 21.

11. "My old excuse" = my excuse for being old.

✓ 43. (Q. 9). 4. "Makeless" = mateless (cf. matchless).

10. "His" = its, referring to that which the spendthrift spends.

12. Cf. Marlowe :—

Beauty alone is lost, too warily kept.

Hero and Leander, 1st Sestiad.

✓ 44. (Q. 10). 7-8. Cf.—

O thou that dost inhabit in my breast,
Leave not the mansion so long tenantless,
Lest, growing ruinous, the building fall
And leave no memory of what it was !
Repair me with thy presence.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, V. iv. 7-11.

With "ruinate" cf. Spenser :—

And though your frames do for a time make war
'Gainst Time, yet Time in time shall ruinate
Your works and names, and your last relics mar.

Bellay's Ruins of Rome, 7. 9-11.

Also cf. Marlowe :—

Who builds a palace, and rams up the gate,
Shall see it ruinous and desolate.
Ah, simple Hero, learn thyself to cherish !
Lone women, like to empty houses, perish.

Hero and Leander, 1st Sestiad.

✓ 45. (Q. 13). 4. Cf.—

If in the child the father's image lies.

Lucrece, 1753.

And *Ib.* 1759, already quoted under 41. 9-10.

✓ 46. (Q. 4). 3. Cf.—

Spirits are not finely touched
But to fine issues ; nor Nature never lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence
But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines
Herself the glory of a creditor,
Both thanks and use.

Measure for Measure, I. i. 36-41.

And Marlowe :—

Then treasure is abused
When misers keep it.

Hero and Leander, 1st Sestiad.

5-6. Cf. the above-given quotations from *Venus and Adonis*.

✓ 47. (Q. 5). 1. "Hours," here a dissyllable.

4. "Unfair", used as a verb, = deprive of beauty.

7-14. Cf. 25 and the notes on it ; also :—

Earthlier happy is the rose distilled,
Than that which, withering on the virgin thorn,
Grows, lives, and dies in single blessedness.

Midsummer-Night's Dream, I. i. 76-8.

This is a simile frequently used by Lilly : "Roses that lose their colours, keep their savours ; pluckt from the stalk, are put to the still."—*Sapho and Phao*, II. i., (1584). "You be all young, and fair ; endeavour all to be wise and virtuous ; that when, like roses, you shall fall from the stalk, you may be gathered and put to the still."—*Mydas* II. i., (1592). And from this a contrast is drawn between a rose and love, in *Love's Metamorphosis*, V. iv., (1601).

10. Cf. Sidney : "Have you ever seen a pure rose-water kept in a crystal glass ? How fine it looks ! How sweet it smells while that beautiful glass imprisons it."—*Arcadia*, III. 5, (published 1590). (Quoted by Mr. Beeching.)

14. "Leese" = lose (a Chaucerean term, also used by Spenser).

✓ 48. (Q. 6). 1. "Ragged" = rugged, rough ; cf. "Rude, ragged nurse" (of the Tower).—*Richard III.*, IV. i. 102. "My voice is ragged."—*As You Like It*, II. v. 16.

SECTION III.

These sonnets to a dark mistress appear, if we may judge by parallel passages, to have been written about the same time as

the preceding—or a little earlier, if *Love's Labor Lost* was written earlier; for with it is the greatest resemblance. This play is usually assigned to 1590–1, on no very strong evidence. Mr. Acheson has found reason for placing it in 1594–5. If this be so, these sonnets would be later than the earliest of those in Section II.

The first two are directed against the practice of poets of over-praising their mistresses (*cf.* 5). Shakespeare himself most outrageously violated what he here preached (*vide* 73 and 74). It was common for the sonneteers of the period thus to reprehend, in attacks upon others, their own practice. Possibly Shakespeare had in mind some particular poet; but it is not necessary to suppose so. Mr. Acheson thinks 49 was aimed at Chapman's *Amorous Zodiac*, published in 1595. The second and fourth lines of 50 may refer to as many as six poets, whose verses are quoted below. There may be allusions to others, that have escaped notice.

✓ 49. (Q. 21). 1. "Muse," somewhat strangely used in the masculine gender, = poet.

4. "Fair" = fairness; "his fair" = his mistress.

12. "Candles," of the stars, a favourite expression with Shakespeare: so, "Night's candles are burnt out," *Romeo and Juliet*, III. v. 9; "By these blessed candles of the night," *Merchant of Venice*, V. i. 220; "There's husbandry in heaven: their candles are out," *Macbeth*, II. i. 4–5.

14. *Cf.* 133. 3–4; also *Love's Labor Lost*, IV. iii. 239–40, to be quoted presently, and—

My beauty, though but mean,
Needs not the painted flourish of your praise.
Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,
Not uttered by base sale of chapmen's tongues.

ib. II. i. 13–16.

50. (Q. 130). 2 and 4. Mr. Lee, in his *Life of Shakespeare*, has collected these comparisons: "Ce beau coral," Ronsard, *Amours*, I. 23 (Ronsard himself ridiculed such exaggeration); "Coral-coloured lips," *Zephiria*, 23, (anonymous, 1594); "No coral in her lip," Thomas Lodge, *Phillis*, 8, (1595).

And golden hair may change to silver wire.

Samuel Daniel, *Delia*, 26. 2, (1592).

Her hair no grace of golden wires want.

Barnabe Barnes, *Parthenophil and Parthenope*, 48, (1593).

Made blush the beauties of her curlèd wire.

Lodge, *Phillis*.

To which may be added these passages from Spenser:—

Her yellow locks, like wiry gold.

The Ruins of Time, 10, (1591).

Her long loose yellow locks like golden wire.

Epithalamion, 154, (1595).

That golden wire.

Hymn in Honor of Beautie, 97,
(published 1596).

And this from Chapman:—

Her tresses were of wire,

Knit like a net.

Hero and Leander, 4th Sestiad, (1598).

Shakespeare himself has "wiry friends," of hairs, in *King John*, III. iv. 64. And the expressions continued to be used. Thus Drummond has "dear coral lip" and "threads of golden wire" (*Works*, vol. i. p. 45, vol. ii. p. 151). Of the latter phrase perhaps the last appearance, swathed in quotation marks, is in Strangford's

translation of Camoëns' *Poems*, where the translator says he has taken it from Drummond (though he uses it in a form more similar to Daniel's) ; while the former has passed over into Germany and reappears lustily in Lenau's "schönen Munds Korallenrand." *Trias Harmonica*.

51.-52. The rare is most admired, or at least is most talked about. Southerners express admiration for blondes, northerners for brunettes. As the older poets were from the south, Shakespeare speaks of brunettes not having been in so much favour as blondes "in the old age." Ovid, indeed, has written—

Candida me capiet, capiet me flava puella,
Est etiam in fusco grata colore venus.

Amores, II. iv. 39-40 ;

in which the "etiam" is noteworthy. To import into poetry admiration for brunettes was something new. To a poet, moreover, fairness seemed celestial, darkness the opposite ; so that it appeared paradoxical to praise darkness, and the current admiration for the dark in feminine beauty went against the grain. Sidney, in the seventh sonnet of his *Astrophel and Stella*, said, expressing surprise—

That whereas black seems beauty's contrary,
She even in black doth make all beauties flow.

And Lilly wrote : " Oftentimes for fashion sake you call them beautiful, whom you know black."—*Campaspe*, IV. ii., (1584). On the other side, as the word "fair" had already become synonymous with "beauty," to praise the beauty of a dark complexion (also "blackness" and "foulness" being almost identified) gave room for much word-play, of which the Elizabethans were extremely fond. Shakespeare, perhaps himself smitten with admiration for

some dark lady, makes the most of this word-play and contradiction ; and when his mistress, all along unkind, showed herself morally frail, he found satisfaction in, and turned to poetical account, this agreement between her dark complexion and her black disposition. Meanwhile, in *Love's Labor Lost* he represents the heroine as a brunette, and makes the lover sing her praises in very much the same language as is here employed in the sonnets, and in the same metre, except for lack of the recurring couplet at the end of every third quatrain. There, in IV. iii. 214-89, as remarked in the Introduction, lurk two imperfect sonnets ; which may now be given in full. The first is spoken by the lover, Biron, (234-46) :—

Of all complexions the culled sovereignty
Do meet, as at a fair, in her fair cheek,
Where several worthies make one dignity,
Where nothing wants that want itself doth seek.
Lend me the flourish of all gentle tongues,—
Fie, painted rhetoric ! O, she needs it not.
To things of sale a seller's praise belongs,
She passes praise ; then praise too short doth blot.
A withered hermit, five-score winters worn,
Might shake off fifty, looking in her eye.
Beauty doth varnish age, as if new-born,
And gives the crutch the cradle's infancy.
O, 'tis the sun that maketh all things shine,—

Here the king breaks in, and his remark shows that in the second line above "fair" meant beautiful in general :—

King. By heaven thy love is black as ebony
Bir. Is ebony like her ? O wood divine !
A wife of such wood were felicity.
O who can give an oath ? Where is a book

That I may swear Beauty doth beauty lack,
If that she learned not of her eye to look?

No face is fair that is not full so black. (247-53.

And now commences the second true but unfinished sonnet :—

King. O paradox ! Black is the badge of hell,

The hue of dungeons and the school of night ;
And beauty's crest becomes the heavens well.

Bir. Devils soonest tempt, resembling spirits of light.

O, if in black my lady's brow be deckt,

It mourns that painting and usurping hair
Should ravish doters with a false aspect ;

And therefore is she born to make black fair.

Her favour turns the fashion of the days,

For native blood is counted painting now ;

And therefore red, that would avoid dispraise,

Paints itself black to imitate her brow. (254-65.)

It may be added that the other characters proceed to mock at the lover and his conceit about black fairness :—

To look like her are chimney-sweepers black.

—And since her time are colliers counted bright.

—And Ethiopes of their sweet complexion crack.

—Dark needs no candles now, for dark is light.

(266-9) &c.

This mockery may have been added in the revision, which this play is known to have undergone (though the lover holds his own, replying to every thrust). In *Troilus and Cressida*, notice, the fickle heroine is likewise dark-complexioned.

51. (Q. 127). 4. Cf. 24. 3.

The resemblance between this sonnet and the second imperfect sonnet just quoted is striking.

52. (Q. 132). 3, 9, 11. The conceit of the black eyes being in mourning, as in the preceding sonnet and in the second above quoted, had been employed by Sidney :—

[Nature] minding Love should be
Placed even there, gave him this mourning weed,
To honour all their deaths, which for her bleed.

Astrophel and Stella, vii. 12-14.

6. Cf. "the cheek of night."—*Romeo and Juliet*, I. v. 47.

13-14. Cf. the interlude between the two imperfect sonnets above quoted.

53. (Q. 131). 6. Cf. "Love's deep groans."—*Venus and Adonis*, 377.

54-56. These sonnets are generally supposed, without any good reason, to be addressed to the friend. The conceit of a contest between the eyes and the heart was common among the sonneteers of the time, coming down from Petrarch; and they always employed it in connection with their mistresses. So Shakespeare reverts to it in sonnets unquestionably addressed to the mistress (124, 125, and 128).

✓ 54. (Q. 24). 1. "Steeled," cf.—

O, give it [my heart] me, lest thy hard heart do steel it,
And being steeled, soft sighs can never grave it.

Venus and Adonis, 375-6.

To this well-painted piece is Lucrece come,
To find a face where all distressed is steeled.

Lucrece, 1443-4.

Also written "stelled," as from a verb meaning "to fix."

✓ 2. Cf. "In our heart's table," *All's Well That Ends Well*, I. i. 106 ; also 159. 1-2, and—

I do protest I never loved myself
Till now infixèd I behold myself
Drawn in the flattering table of her eye.

King John, II. i. 501-3.

(Here the next speaker makes fun of this expression.) Mr. Lee cites the following from Ronsard :—

Il ne falloit, maistres, autres tablettes
Pour vous graver que celle de mon coeur,
Où de sa main Amour, nostre vainquer,
Vous a gravée et vos grâces parfaites.

✓ 55. (Q. 46). 10. "A quest" = a jury of inquest ; cf.—

What lawful quest have given their verdict up
Unto the frowning judge.

Richard III., I. iv. 189-90.

With this sonnet cf. H. Constable, before 1594 (whether before or after Shakespeare, unknowable) :—

My heart mine eye accuseth of his death . . .
My heart avows, "Mine eye let in the fire" . . .
Mine eye replies, "My greedy heart's desire
Let in these floods, which drown him day and night."

Diana, VI. vii. 1, 5, 7-8.

Already Sir Walter Raleigh had written :—

Calling to mind, my eyes went long about
To cause my heart for to forsake my breast. . .

Another time, my heart I called to mind,—
Thinking that he this woe on me had brought.

The Excuse, 1589 or earlier.

✓ 56. (Q. 47). 3. Cf.—

Whilst I at home starve for a merry look.

Comedy of Errors, II. i. 88.

57. (Q. 128). 9-10. A poetical conceit as old as Anacreon : cf.—

See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand !

O, that I were a glove upon that hand,

That I might touch that cheek !

Romeo and Juliet, II. ii. 23-5.

Perhaps 147 belongs here.

58. (Q. 136). 8. Cf. 40. 14.

One of six sonnets in which Shakespeare puns upon his first name. The others are 75, 102 (7), 107 (2), 112, 113. Cf. also—

But Will is deaf and hears no heedful friends ;

Only he hath an eye to gaze on Beauty,

And dotes on what he looks, 'gainst law or duty.

Lucrece, 495-7.

SECTION IV.

In this Section the sex of the person addressed is indicated in but few of the sonnets. In a few more it can be conjectured with some degree of assurance. In the rest we are left without a hint. In them the question is interesting ; and it is a pity that authentic

information was not supplied. Guessing should be confined to the amount of certainty the subject admits, in each case individually. To assume that they were all addressed to a man, merely on Thorpe's unctuous statement and careless arrangement, is running rather far afield in search of error.

59-74. These sonnets appear more appropriately addressed to a mistress, whether the dark one, or some other, or others.

✓ 59. (Q. 50). 4. "Friend" may = mistress, as in 5. 3 and elsewhere in the sonnets. Cf. "Hath got his friend with child."—*Measure for Measure*, I. iv. 29.

✓ 60. (Q. 51). 11. "Need," Kinnear's emendation of Q. "neigh." Some editors retain the original word, and treat "no dull flesh" as a parenthesis.

14. Cf. "Thou must run to him, for thou hast stayed so long that going will scarce serve the turn."—*Two Gentlemen of Verona*, III. i. 387-8; in which going = walking. But here "give him leave to go" more likely means "dismiss him."

✓ 61. (Q. 27). 11. Cf.—

It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night
As a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear.

Romeo and Juliet, I. v. 47-8.

With this sonnet cf. B. Griffen :—

When silent sleep has closed up mine eyes,
My watchful mind did then begin to muse;
A thousand pleasing thoughts did then arise,
That sought by slights, their master to abuse.

Fidessa, xiv. 1-4, (1596).

And again :—

Ungentle Sleep ! thou helpst all but me !
 For when I sleep, my soul is vexèd most.
 It is Fidessa, that dost master thee !
 If she approach, alas, thy power is lost.

Ib. xv. 9-12.

- ✓ 62. (Q. 28). 12. "Twire" = peep.
 14. "Strength," Collier's emendation of Q. "length."

✓ 63. (Q. 61). 9. Notice that this line suits much better the character of the disdainful mistress than that of the faithful friend.

- ✓ 64. (Q. 48). 11. Cf. "The quiet closure of my breast," *Venus and Adonis*, 782 ; and Spenser : "In closure of a thankful mind," *Colin Clout's Come Home Again*, 580.

14. Cf. "Rich preys make true men thieves."—*Venus and Adonis*, 724.

- ✓ 65. (Q. 52). 5-10. Cf.—

Thus did I keep my person fresh and new,
 My presence, like a robe pontifical,
 Ne'er seen, but wondered at ; and so my state,
 Seldom, but sumptuous, showed like a feast,
 And won by rareness such solemnity.

1 Henry IV., III. ii. 55-9.

8. "Carcanet" = necklace ; also in *Comedy of Errors*, III. i. 4. Chapman employs it in this figure :—

And as those arms, held up in circle, met,
He said, "See, sister, Hero's carcanet !
Which she had rather wear about her neck,
Than all the jewels that do Juno deck."

Hero and Leander, 3rd Sestiad.

✓ 66. (Q. 75). Notice that this and the preceding are a pæan of love, unlikely to be addressed to a friend, and not in conformity with his relation to the dark mistress. They may have been addressed to some other mistress, real or imaginary, or even to his wife. If addressed to the dark mistress, they carry out, with 51 and 52, Shakespeare's own prescription :—

You must lay lime to tangle her desires
By wailful sonnets, whose composèd rimes
Should be full-fraught with serviceable vows.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, III. ii. 68-70.

✓ 67, (Q. 44). 7. Mr. Lee, in his *Elizabethan Sonnets*, with this compares—

Penser, qui peut en un moment grand erre
Courir léger tout l'espace des cieux,
Toute la terre, et les flots spacieux,
Qui peut aussi pénétrer sous la terre.

Amadis Jamyn, Sonnet 21, (1575) ;

and he refers to Bellay's *Olive*, 43, (1549).

11. Cf. "Does not our life consist of the four elements ?"—

Twelfth Night, II. iii. 10. (For the old idea of the composition of the body, cf. Lilly :—

Now fire be turned to choler, air to blood,
Water to humour purer than itself,
And earth to flesh.

The Woman in the Moon, I. i.)

Shakespeare's here says that he is left with only the two heavier elements, and in the next (beside repeating this in lines 7 and 8) adds that his two lighter elements are almost always absent from him and present with his love.

- ✓ 68. (Q. 45). 1. Cf. "He is pure air and fire ; and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him" (of Pegasus).—*Henry V.* III. vii. 23.

I am a fire and air ; my other elements
I give to baser life.

Antony and Cleopatra, V. ii. 292.

- ✓ 69. (Q. 97). 1. Cf., conversely—

Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this son of York.

Richard III., I. i. 1-2.

7. "Prime" = springtime (Italian "primavera") ; cf.—

Like little frosts that sometime threat the spring,
To add a more rejoicing to the prime.

Lucrece, 331-2.

J 70. (Q. 43). 1. "Wink" = close my eyes (and keep them closed).

12. "Me," Malone's emendation of Q. "see."

71. (Q. 113). 6. "Latch" = lay hold of.

11. Cf.—

The lover . . .

Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt.

Midsummer-Night's Dream, V. i. 10-11.

14. "Maketh mine untrue," thus the Q., in which "untrue" may be a noun, = untruth; cf. "My false o'erweighs your true."—*Measure for Measure*, II. iv. 170. But more probably the correct reading for "mine" is "m'eyne" (my eyes); and then "untrue" remains an adjective. For error in the eyes, anent the mistress, see 124 and 125.

72. (Q. 114). 8. Cf.—

You are born

To set a form upon that indigest

Which he hath left so shapeless and so rude.

King John, V. vii. 25-7.

9. Cf. 63. 9 and note thereto. Cf.—

I . . . fear to find

Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind.

Twelfth Night, I. v. 327-8.

✓ 73. (Q. 98). 2. Cf. "Well-apparell'd April."—*Romeo and Juliet*, I. ii. 27.

7. Cf. "Summer news," *Cymbeline*, III. iv. 12, which is the opposite of a "winter's tale"; cf. "A sad tale's best for winter," *Winter's Tale*, III. i. 25.

Mr. Wyndham has tried to calculate astronomically the date of this sonnet, on the supposition that line 4 refers to a real effulgence of the planet Saturn in April; and finds that the years 1600 to 1603 would fit the requirement, and preferably 1602 or 1603, when Saturn was bright in the evening. This may be true; but it proves nothing about the date of any other sonnet save the next.

✓ 74. (Q. 99). The first line is merely an introduction to lines 2-5 (which were put in quotation-marks by Massey). Then the address changes from the violet to the beloved one.

✓ 75. (Q. 57). 5. Cf. "A world-without-end bargain."—*Love's Labor Lost*, V. ii. 799.

✓ 76. (Q. 58). 7. Cf. "And makes them tame to their obedience."—*King John*, IV. ii. 262.

11. "Do," Malone's emendation of Q. "To." Cf. "Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour."—*Julius Caesar*, IV. iii. 109.

This sonnet is a mere replica of the preceding, and was probably intended to supersede it. Perhaps Shakespeare had grown tired of the "Will" pun in that sonnet.

Are these addressed to the friend or the mistress? Mr. Godwin argues that, as there is no known god of friendship, the "god" in 76. 1 must be Cupid, whose power extends to enslaving a man only to a woman.

77. (Q. 33). 2. "Flatter," a brilliant personal metaphor ; cf.—

Jocund day
 Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain-tops.
Romeo and Juliet, III. v. 9-10.

But, look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,
 Walks o'er the dew on yon high eastern hill.
Hamlet, I. i. 166-7.

3. Cf.—

Even till the eastern gate, all fiery-red,
 Opening on Neptune with fair blessed beams,
 Turns into yellow gold his salt green streams.
Midsummer-Night's Dream, III. ii. 391-3.

4. Cf.—

The glorious sun
 Stays in his course and plays the alchemist.
King John, III. i. 78.

5. Cf.—

Yet herein will I imitate the sun,
 Who doth permit the base contagious clouds
 To smother up his beauty from the world.
1 Henry IV., I. ii. 220-2.

6. "Rack," the highest clouds. "The winds in the upper region (which move the clouds above, which we call the rack, and are not perceived below,) pass without noise."—Bacon, *Sylva Sylvarum*, § 115, (cited by Dyce).

7. Cf.—

But, in the midst of this bright-shining day,
 I spy a black, suspicious, threatening cloud,
 That will encounter with our glorious sun,
 Ere he attain his easeful western bed.
3 Henry VI., V. iii. 3-6.

In general, *cf.*—

O how this spring of love resembleth
 The uncertain glory of an April day,
 Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,
 And by and by a cloud takes all away!
Two Gentlemen of Verona, I. iii. 84-7.

12. "Mask'd," so in the Q.

✓ 78. (Q. 34). To what incident this and the preceding sonnets refer, can never be known without external testimony. Mr. Butler thought the beloved friend had played a hideous practical joke upon Shakespeare (still young, in 1585). This is much more than is necessary, and is therefore to be rejected. No evidence is at hand even to show that they were addressed to the friend. If they were, they may refer to the episode later inserted, and belong after 110. But here, again, guessing is useless. It may have been some trivial incident, not worth recording except in verse. The date seems, from the cross-references of the first, to be about 1591 to 1593; but it is by no means certain.

79-86. From 85. 12 it appears that that sonnet was addressed to a man; and it may be that the rest are too; but not necessarily.

79. (Q. 120). 1. "Thy unkindness" is mentioned in 116. 2 (where, however, it seems to be general), and "thy trespass" in 111. 6. The present line may refer to one of those, or to the "cloud" in 77 and 78, or to the quarrel in 75 and 76, or to something else.

6. Cf.—

And that deep torture may be called a hell.

Lucrece, 1287.

9. "Our," probably corrupt. "Your," "sour," and "one" have been suggested.

80. (Q. 118). 2. "Eager" = sharp, bitter, (French "aigre").

5. Cf.—

Other women cloy

The appetite they feed, but she makes hungry

When most she satisfies.

Antony and Cleopatra, II. ii. 241-3.

7. Cf. "To diet rank maids sick of happiness."—2 *Henry IV.*, IV. i. 64.

12. Cf.—

Goodness growing to a plurisy,

Dies of his own two much.

Hamlet, IV. vii. 118-19.

81. (Q. 111.) 4. Refers to his profession as actor.

10. "Eisel" = vinegar.

82. (Q. 112). 14. Malone's suggestion for the Q. reading, "That all the world besides me think y're dead," which is retained by many editors.

83. (Q. 109). 4. Cf.—

[Her heart]

He carries thence incaged in his breast.

Venus and Adonis, 582.

Hence even then my heart is in thy breast.

Love's Labor Lost, V. ii. 826,

And Spenser :—

Do you him [my heart] take, and in your bosom bright
Gently encage.

Amoretti, 73. 9-10.

In all three cases, of the opposite sexes.

84. (Q. 117). 1. Cf. "to scant her duty."—*King Lear*, II. iv. 142.

4. Cf.—

There is my bond of faith,
To tie thee to my strong correction.

Richard III., IV. i. 76-7.

85. (Q. 110). 2. "A motley" = a professional fool, or jester.

3. Mr. Beeching shows, from *Troilus and Cressida*, III. iii. 228 and *Twelfth Night*, III. i. 129, that "gored" = "exposed, like a bear at the stake," for common sport.

7. "Blenches" = swervings.

9. "What shall have no end," *i.e.*, my love.

86. (119). 7. "Fitted" = started ; cf.—

Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres.

Hamlet, I. v. 17.

9-10. Cf.—

There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
Would we observingly distill it out.

Henry V., IV. i. 4-5.

But nought so vile that on the earth doth live
But to the earth some special good doth give.

Romeo and Juliet, II. iii. 17-18.

Whom best I love, I cross ; to make my gift,
The more delayed, delighted. . . .

He shall be . . .

. . . happier much by his affliction made.

Cymbeline, V. iv. 101-8.

(The last is from the imperfect and probably spurious sonnet mentioned in the Introduction.)

11. For the metaphor *cf.* 138. 5, and—

Shall love, in building, grow so ruinous ?

Comedy of Errors, III. ii. 4.

The strong base and building of my love.

Troilus and Cressida, IV. ii. 109.

87-90. Very probably to a friend or patron ; but it is possible that some are to a woman.

✓ 87. (Q. 29). 12. *Cf.*—

Hark, hark, the lark at heaven's gate sings.

Cymbeline, II. iii. 21.

Already Lilly :—

Now at heaven's gate she claps her wings,

The morn not waking till she sings.

Campaspe, V. i., (1584).

✓ 88. (Q. 25). 5-12. Mr. Wyndham thinks these lines may refer to the fall and disgrace of Essex in 1599. This is quite possible,

whatever be the dates of the other sonnets. The person addressed cannot himself be such a court favourite.

14. Cf. Spenser (to his mistress):—

In whose streight bands ye now captivèd are
So firmly, that ye never may remove.

Amoretti, 71. 7-8.

✓ 89. (Q. 22). 3. Cf.—

Thou canst help time to furrow me with age.

Richard II., I. iii. 229.

4. Cf.—

Make haste, the hour of death is expiate.

Richard III., III. iii. 23.

✓ 90. (Q. 37). 3 and 9. "Lame," again in 102. 3; cf.—

A most poor man made lame by fortune's blows.

King Lear, IV. vi. 225.

Whether it is literal or metaphorical here, cannot be known.

10. Cf. Lilly: "Yet shall it [thy picture] fill mine eye: besides the sweet thoughts, the sure hopes, thy protested faith, will cause me to embrace thy shadow continually in my arms, of the which by strong imagination I will make a substance."—*Campaspe*, IV. iv.

91-93. These sonnets are on what Mr. Wyndham calls the "theme of identity,"—the Platonic idea that the beloved lover and the loving beloved are one. This conceit has already occurred in 82 and 89; and more use will be made of it in 101, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110. The union of the twain was also the subject of Shake-

speare's little poem *The Phoenix and the Turtle* (in which the turtle-dove is male and the phoenix female). *Cf.*—

So they loved, as love in twain
Had the essence but of one ;
Two distincts, division none ;
Number there in love was slain.

Hearts remote, yet not asunder ;
Distance, and no space was seen.

Either was the other's mine.

Property was thus appallèd,
That the self was not the same ;
Single nature's double name
Neither two nor one was callèd.

91. (Q. 62). 5. "Gracious," here a trisyllable.

8. "Other," here plural, as again in 157. 5.

10. "Chopt" = chapt ; *cf.*—

Her cheeks with chops and wrinkles were disfigured.

Lucrece, 1452.

✓ 92. (Q. 39).

✓ 93. (Q. 36). 13-14. The same couplet closes 122 ; and the closing couplet of 116 begins "Yet do not so."

This sonnet offers a weightier (but less poetical) reason than the preceding for the separation. It seems to refer to the Confessions, here already given.

✓94. (Q. 71). 2. Cf.—

His tongue
Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,
Rememb' red tolling a departing friend.
2 *Henry IV.*, I. i. 101-3.

10. Cf.—

Only compound me with forgotten dust.
Ib. IV. v. 116.
Compounded it with dust, whereto 'tis kin.
Hamlet, IV. ii. 6.

9 and 11. "Verse" and "rehearse," apparently a favourite rime, repeated in 98. 9 and 11, and (with the second altered to "in-hearse") in 155. 1 and 3. Cf. Spenser:—

Live, Lord, for ever in this lasting verse,
That all posterity thy honour may rehearse.
Faerie Queene, dedicatory sonnet to the Lord of
Hundson.

And with last duties of this broken verse,
Broken with sighs to deck thy sable hearse.
The Ruins of Time, 678-9.

✓95. (Q. 72). 4. Cf.—

When they in thee the like offences prove.
Lucrece, 613.

✓96. (Q. 73). 3. Cf.—

Then was I as a tree
Whose boughs did bend with fruit ; but in one night
A storm, or robbery, call it what you will,
Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves,
And left me bare to weather.

Cymbeline, III. iii. 60-4.

7. Cf. *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, I. iii. 87, quoted under 77 ; also—

O you gods,
Why do you make us love your goodly gifts,
And snatch them straight away ?

Pericles, III. i. 22-4.

✓ 97. (Q. 74). 1. Cf.—

As this fell sergeant, Death,
Is strict in his arrest.

Hamlet, V. ii. 347-8.

8. "The better part of me," cf. 92. 2.

11. Is the allusion actual or metaphorical ? Some have thought that "wretch" refers to Time (which is called a "churl" in 158. 2). Others have had suggested to them the fate of Marlowe, who was killed in a drunken brawl in 1593. But the cross-references seem to indicate that these sonnets were written several years later.

✓ 98. (Q. 81). 12. Cf. "I will chide no breather in the world by myself."—*As You Like It*, III. ii. 297.

Instead of this, 158 might be placed here ; but the allusion in it to other poets fits it into another connection.

99-104. Whether these are addressed to a man or a woman is by no means plain. Some of them would be much more appropriately addressed to a woman ; and there is no good reason for supposing they were not.

✓ 99. (Q. 91). 4. Cf.—

Another tell him of his hounds and horse.

Taming of the Shrew, Induction, i. 61.

For the plural "horse" *cf.* Ben Jonson: "He courts ladies with how many great horse he hath rid that morning."—*Cynthia's Revels*, II. 1st entry. It is still retained in "Master of the Horse."

10. With this Mr. Beeching compares—

Richer than doing nothing for a bribe,
Prouder than rustling in unpaid-for silk.
Cymbeline, III. iii. 23-4.

12-14. Contrast this with the ending of 88.

✓ 100. (Q. 49). 4. *Cf.*—

More upon humour than advised respect.
King John, V. ii. 214.

11. Will raise his hand in taking an oath as a witness.

14. *Cf.* 95, 14.

✓ 101. (Q. 88). 1. *Cf.*—

The man that mocks at it and sets it light.
Richard II., I. iii. 293.

8-8. *Cf.* "I myself am indifferent honest, but yet I could accuse me of such things that it were better my mother had not born me."—*Hamlet*, III. ii. 123-5.

✓ 102. (Q. 89). 3. *Cf.* 90. 3 and 9.

Compare this and the preceding sonnet (which express utter devotion) with 126, which is admitted to be addressed to a woman.

✓ 103. (Q. 90). 13-14. Cf.—

Measure his woe the length and breadth of mine,
And let it answer every strain for strain.

Much Ado About Nothing, VI. i. 11-12.

✓ 104. (Q. 92).

SECTION V.

Whether this is a real or an imaginary episode cannot be determined from the sonnets themselves. A dramatic poet like Shakespeare was perfectly capable of inventing the incident and writing about it as if actual. There is some similarity with the plot of *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* (supposed to have been written in 1592-3), and also, in places, with the language of that play. But that play ends pleasantly. The sonnets here, until we reach the denunciation of the mistress, may possibly have been written about that time (say 1592-4). The "sonnets of vituperation," as Mr. Lee calls them (and he shows that they belong to a class not uncommon at the time), would come a little later—perhaps during, or just before, the composition of *Troilus and Cressida*, whose heroine is likewise a "bay where all men ride," such as the mistress is now said to have shown herself (in 124).

105. (Q. 144). 1. "Suggest" = tempt by suggestion.

This is one of the sonnets published by Haggard in 1599. In the same year Drayton introduced in the second edition of his *Idea* a sonnet with conceits very similar, but addressed only to a woman, whose beauty he calls his "evil spirit" and whom he apostrophises as "this good-wicked spirit, sweet angel-devil,"

assigning to her alone the two natures by Shakespeare distributed between a man and a woman. Which was published first is not known. But even if Drayton's was, Shakespeare's sonnet could long have preceded Drayton's; and this is likely. In *2 Henry IV.*, II. iv. 362-6 (supposed to have been written in 1598), there is something about a boy with "a good angel about him," but whom "the devil binds too," and a woman who "is in hell already, and burns poor souls"; which may, or not, be reminiscent.

106. (Q. 133). 6. "My next self," *i.e.*, the friend; *cf.* note to 91-93.

8. Mr. Godwin proposes, to restore the rhythm, "a threefold torment, thus to be thrice crossed."

14. *Cf.*—

One half of me is yours, the other half yours,
Mine own, I would say; but if mine, then thine,
And so all yours.

Merchant of Venice, III. ii. 16-18.

107. (Q. 134). 3. "That other" one who is "mine,"—the friend, as before.

7-8, 11. Mr. Wyndham thinks these lines suggest "that the friend came under the fascination of the poet's mistress in discharging some office of kindness or civility to her on the poet's behalf." If so, Shakespeare may have put his own experience in these lines:—

Friendship is constant in all other things
Save in the office and affairs of love;
Therefore all hearts in love use their own tongues.

Let every eye negotiate for itself
 And trust no agent ; for beauty is a witch
 Against whose charms faith melteth into blood.

Much Ado About Nothing, II. i. 182-7.

108-111. Of these the first and last *may* be addressed to the mistress ; but the usual practice may be right in supposing them addressed to the friend. The second is to the friend, the third to both.

✓ 108. (Q. 40). Notice the play upon the meaning of "love" as affection and as the object loved, sometimes the friend and sometimes the mistress.

7. "This self," my friend—"my next self" in 106. 6.

✓ 109. (Q. 41). 5-6. The more proper inversion of this conceit is frequent in Shakespeare's early plays, always of women :—

She is a woman, therefore may be wooed ;
 She is a woman, therefore may be won.

Titus Andronicus, II. ii. 82-3.

She's beautiful, and therefore to be wooed ;
 She is a woman, therefore to be won.

1 Henry VI., V. iii. 78-9.

Was ever woman in this humour wooed ?
 Was ever woman in this humour won ?

Richard III., I. ii. 228-9.

Cf. Lilly :—

The gods are amorous : and therefore willing to be pierced,—
 And she amiable, and therefore must be pierced.

Sapho and Phao, I. i., (1584).

8. "She," Tyrwhitt's emendation of Q. "he."
 9. "My sweet," Malone's emendation of Q. "my seat."

✓ 110. (Q. 42). 9-10. Cf.—

If I keep them, I needs must lose myself ;
 If I lose them, &c.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, II. vi. 20-1.

But there the friend is not identified with the speaker,—far from it, as yet ; for the latter continues—

I to myself am dearer than a friend.

Later, however, he makes the renunciation.

✓ 111. (Q. 35). 4. Cf. 161, 7, and—

As in the sweetest bud
 The eating canker dwells.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, I. i. 42-3.

Cf. also 121, 2-3 and the notes thereto.

8. "Thy . . . thy ;" in the Q. "their . . . their." Mr. Wyndham retains the second "their," referring it to "men" in line 5.

✓ 112. (Q. 143). 1. Cf. Spenser :—

Like as a housewife, that with busy care
 Thinks of her dairy to make wondrous gain, &c.

The Faerie Queene, Supplement, vi. 48-9,
 (published 1609).

13. "Will," the friend, according to some interpreters.

113. (Q. 135). 1-3. Here *may* be reference to three Wills,—the poet, the friend, and the lady's husband. Some editors reject the husband, and Mr. Lee (as elsewhere) even the friend.

1. Cf.—

As one relying on your lordship's will
And not depending on his friendly wish.
— My will is something sorted with his wish.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, I. iii. 61-3.

A pun of a slightly different sort is found in Lilly's *Mydas*, IV. iii., (1592): "The world will grow full of wiles, seeing Mydas hath lost his golden wish."

5 and 7. "Spacious" and "gracious," trisyllables.

9-10. Cf.—

My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite.

Romeo and Juliet, II. ii. 132-4.

O spirit of love . . . that
Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,
Of what validity and pitch soe'er,
But falls into abatement and low price
Even in a minute.

Twelfth Night, I. i. 9, 11-14.

But mine [love] is all hungry as the sea,
And can digest as much.

Ib. II. iv. 103-4.

12. It looks as though the Q. had here capitalised and italicised the wrong "will."

13. "Unkindness," Mr. Butler's emendation for the Q.

"unkind, no." Professor Dowden suggested "unkind 'No' ;" but this is precluded by the rhythm.

114. (Q. 138). Published in *The Passionate Pilgrim* (1), in a less perfect form.

12. Q. "t' have years told," which perhaps is correct, "years" being pronounced as a dissyllable.

✓ 115. (Q. 151). An obscure sonnet. Perhaps it would be better placed among the miscellaneous sonnets in Section VIII.

116-123. It is usual to consider 118, 120, 121, 122, and 123 addressed to the friend or patron. But the fourth line of 118 clearly connects that sonnet with 116. 6 and 117. 14 ; and 121 and 127 are inconsistent with 161 (which in the Q. follows 123 and by those who rely on Thorpe's arrangement must be taken to be addressed to the same person) ; and 120 is connected with 123 by the allusion to weeds ; and 123. 14 is only explicable by 124. 10. Moreover, the first words of the couplet ending 122 come very appropriately after the first words of the couplet ending 116 ; while the whole couplet ending 122, being the same words as the couplet ending 93 (admittedly addressed to the friend), is more likely to have been addressed to a different person, who would not perceive the repetition.

116. (Q. 139). 3. Cf. "Alas, poor Romeo ! . . . stabbed with a white wench's black eye."—*Romeo and Juliet*, II. iv. 13.

Ah, kill me with thy weapon, not thy words !

3 *Henry IV.*, V. vi. 26.

✓ 117. (Q. 140).

✓ 118. (Q. 93).

✓ 119. (Q. 142). 1-2. *I.e.*, your hate of my sinful love for you is grounded on your sinful love for others.

6. "Scarlet ornaments," the same expression, applied to cheeks, is found in *King Edward III.*, a play in which Shakespeare is believed to have collaborated, published in 1596.

8 and 7. "Lips" and "sealed," *cf.*—

Pure lips, sweet seals in my soft lips imprinted,
What bargains may I make, still to be sealing?

Venus and Adonis, 511-12.

Take, O take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn; . . .
But my kisses bring again, bring again;
Seals of love, but sealed in vain, sealed in vain.

Measure for Measure, IV. i. 1-6.

11-12. *Cf.*—

We do pray for mercy,
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy.

Merchant of Venice, IV. i. 200-2.

✓ 120. (Q. 94). 14. A variation of the old proverbial "*Corruptio optimi pessima*." It is also in *King Edward III.* Which quotes the other, it is impossible to determine,

- ✓ 121. (Q. 95). 2-3. Cf. III. 4 and I61. 7 ; and—

As the most forward bud
Is eaten by the canker ere it blow.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, I. i. 45-6.

As is the bud bit with an envious worm
Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air
Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.

Romeo and Juliet, I. i. 157-9.

The canker galls the infants of the spring
Too oft before the buttons be disclosed.

Hamlet, I. iii. 39-40.

And also Lilly : "The canker shall eat thee in the bud."—*Love's Metamorphosis*, IV. i.

- ✓ 122. (Q. 96). 3. "More and less" = great and small, or high and low ; cf. "The more and less came in with cap and knee."—*Henry IV.*, IV. iii. 68.

- ✓ 123. (Q. 69). 14. "Solve," Q. "solye," which may stand either for this or for "soyle" (soil), which appears to be an old word with the same meaning.

124. (Q. 137). 5-6. Cf.—

Great Pompey

Would stand and make his eyes grow in my brow ;
There would he anchor his aspect.

Antony and Cleopatra, I. v. 31-3.

- 9-10. Cf.—

My lips are no common, though several they be.

Love's Labor Lost, II. 223.

✓ 125. (Q. 148). 4. "Censures" = judges, estimates.

8. So the Q. In reading aloud, the pun suggests itself—

Loves "ay" is not so true as all men's "no."

This sonnet opens with the same conceit as the preceding, but works it out differently. For a similar idea, applied to women, *cf.*—

Ah, poor our sex! this fault in us I find,
The error of our eye directs our mind.
What error leads, must err; O, then conclude,
Minds swayed by eyes, are full of turpitude.

Troilus and Cressida, V. ii. 109-12.

✓ 126. (Q. 149). 2. "Partake" = take sides; *cf.* 101. 3 and 111. 10.

2-6. *Cf.* Katharine's defence in *Henry VIII.*, II. iv. 23-34.

3-4. The punctuation in the Q. is thus :—

When I forgot

Am of myself, all tyrant for thy sake?

Many editors emend it into—

When I forgot

Am of myself, all-tyrant, for thy sake?

But the splitting of the verb is harsh, and un-Shakespearean.

✓ 127. (Q. 150). 3. *Cf.*—

I am content, so thou wilt have it so.

I'll say yon grey is not the morning's eye.

Romeo and Juliet, III. v. 18-22.

5. *Cf.*—

Vilest things

Become themselves in her.

Antony and Cleopatra, II. ii. 243-4.

"Becoming" here=grace, as in—

My becomings kill me, when they do not
Eye well to you.

Ib. I. iii. 96-7.

✓ 128. (Q. 141). 8. *Cf.* 56. 6. With the conceit of the five senses feasting at the banquet of his love's presence, *cf.* Chapman's *Ovid's Banquet of Sense*, 1595. Mr. Acheson thinks Shakespeare had Chapman's poem in mind when he wrote this sonnet. Drayton also has a sonnet on the same subject, first published in the second edition of his *Idea*, 1599. Here are two limiting dates for this sonnet, which probably fell nearer the earlier.

11. "Who" refers back to "heart"; *cf.* the "who" in line 4.

14. "Pain" here includes its old meaning of "punishment" (French "peine," Latin "poena").

✓ 129. (Q. 147). 9. A proverb: "Things past cure, past care," according to Holland's *Leaguer*, 1632 (cited by Malone). *Cf.*—

Great reason; for past cure is still past care.

Love's Labor Lost, V. ii. 28.

With this sonnet *cf.* 117, 7-10.

✓ 130. (Q. 152). 14. "Eye," so the Q., usually altered to "I." The pun is in Shakespeare's manner.

Here the sonnets leave the mistress and Shakespeare's love for her—with a bad pun. How he recovered from his "fever," we are not told; perhaps he sonneted and punned himself out of it. In lines 9 and 10 of the last he mentions his having praised her kindness and constancy. We possess no sonnets expressing such praise, unless some usually applied to the friend belong to her

(*e.g.*, 135). Very likely we have not all the sonnets Shakespeare wrote and circulated among his friends. Mr. Lee has shown that it was one of the usual themes of the sonneteers to write palinodes of love, turning against their mistresses, and cites especially Jodelle's *Cont'r Amours* as bearing some resemblance to Shakespeare's. These sonnets, therefore, need not be taken too seriously.

SECTION VI.

Nothing is known about the interval of estrangement or about the occasion for the resumption of sonneteering; and all conjectures have been idle inventions of possibilities. The mention, in 137, of three years since the poet first met the friend, may be conventional (as Mr. Lee holds); or if true, it yields no information either on the length of the estrangement (within that maximum) or on the dates of its two ends. The parallel passages, however, seem to indicate that these sonnets were later than most of the preceding, and that perhaps they were written between 1598 and 1603. A few of these sonnets are directly addressed to a man, and the rest seem to be. But it is possible that some were addressed to a woman (especially 134, 135, 141).

✓ 131. (Q. 100). 9. "Resty," not restive, but fond of rest; *cf.* "resty sloth," *Cymbeline*, III. vi. 34.

11. *Cf.* 32. 11. "Satire" = satirist; Mr. Godwin refers to Ben Jonson, *Poetaster*, V. i. ("The honest satire hath the happiest soul"). The words "satire" and "satyr" used to be confounded.

12. "Time's spoils," *cf.* Spenser, "through spoil of time," *The Ruins of Time*, 119.

132. (Q. 101). 3. Cf. 37. 11 and 14.

6 and 8. The quotation-marks are due to Malone.

13. So the Q. It would seem as if it ought to be "and teach me how," as rendered by Mr. Godwin in his paraphrase.

133. (Q. 102). 3-4. Cf. 49. 14.

7. Cf. "In April's front."—*Winter's Tale*, IV. iv. 3.

12-14. Cf.—

When they seldom come, they wished for come,
And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.

I *Henry IV.*, I. ii. 229-30.

✓134. (Q. 56). 9-12. Reference has been seen in this to the story of Hero and Leander, which is supposed to have been suggested by the publication of Marlowe's poem in 1598.

13. "Else," Palgrave's emendation of Q. "as."

14. "Wish'd," so the Q.

12-14. Cf. 69. 1.

135. (R. 105). 6. Cf. 20. 14.

8. Cf.—

Beshrew me but I love her heartily ;
For she is wise, if I can judge of her,
And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true,
And true she is, as she hath proved herself,
And therefore, like herself, wise, fair, and true,
Shall she be placèd in my constant soul.

Merchant of Venice, II. vi. 52-7.

Possibly this is an earlier sonnet. It might be put after 22.

136. (Q. 198). 6-8. Cf. 21 and 22 (and the preceding, if it belongs there).

137. (Q. 104). 1. Cf. 89. 1-2.

13-14. "Thou" and "you," the same personified being. (Such a change of pronouns occurs elsewhere, as in 54.) Posterity are told that before their spring "beauty's summer," or perfection, died with the death of the fair friend.

With the two ideas in this sonnet (the apparent permanence of beauty and ultimate triumph of decay) is to be compared a madrigal (for it is as much like an Italian madrigal as the others are like Italian sonnets) published in the Q. as 126. Not being a sonnet, it may be given here :—

O thou, my lovely boy, who in thy power
Dost hold Time's fickle glass, his sickle, hour ;
Who hast by waning grown, and therein show'st
Thy lovers withering as thy sweet self grow'st !
If Nature, sovereign mistress over wrack,
As thou goest onwards, still will pluck thee back,
She keeps thee to this purpose, that her skill
May time disgrace and wretched minutes kill.
Yet fear her, O thou minion of her pleasure !
She may detain, but not still keep, her treasure :
Her audit, though delayed, answered must be,
And her quietus is to render thee.

With the versification of this, Mr. Beeching compares *Othello*, II. i. 149-61.

The poet now continues that, in spite of the triumph of time over the body and the beauty therein enshrined, *his* love is beyond the reach of time.

138. (Q. 124). 7-8. and 13-14. Mr. Beeching thinks there is reference to the Powder Plot (1605).

13. "Fools of Time," again in 142. 9 ("Time's fool")=the sport of time.

139. (Q. 125). 1. Mr. Butler thinks this refers to a real incident, when Shakespeare was cheated out of his share in some pageantry. Most commentators think it metaphorical. "Bore the canopy" over my friend would then mean "paid honour to his body's beauty."

2. Cf.—

For when my outward action doth demonstrate
The native act and figure of my heart,
n complement extern.

Othello, I. i. 61-3.

5-8. Cf. 88. 5-12.

11. "Seconds," flour of second grade (Steevens).

13. "Suborned informer": Mr. Butler thinks this the friend, who is now cast off after committing the act of treachery he finds in line 1. But this is impossible after lines 9-12. Professor Dowden and Mr. Wyndham think it some person who may be among the "spies" mentioned in 164. 7. Mr. Beeching thinks it the imaginary bringer of the charge in the first quatrain. Shakespeare's "emphasis" seems here to have o'erleapt itself. The reference may be to Time himself, who is called "envious and calumniating" in *Troilus and Cressida*, III. iii. 174. For a hint, cf. also—

This sour informer, this bate-breeding spy,
This canker that eats up Love's tender spring,
This carry-tale, dissentious jealousy.

Venus and Adonis, 655-7.

Notice, futhermore, that Spenser also has a sonnet (*Amoretti*, 85) suddenly breaking in with objurgation of a "venomous tongue."

140. (Q. 123). 2-12. Cf. 21. 1-5.

7. "Borne," so the Q., which may be modernised, with most editors, into "born," or, following Mr. Wyndham's suggestion, into "bourn"—limit (as in *Hamlet*, III. i. 79, where, he says, in the "Folio 1623 and Quarto" this word is spelt "borne," as in French).

141. (Q. 115).

142. (Q. 116). 4. Cf. 88. 14.

5-8. Cf.—

Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw.

· *Coriolanus*, V. iii. 74.

9. "Time's fool," so above, 138. 13 ; cf.—

But thought's the slave of life, and life Time's fool.

1 *Henry IV.*, V. iv. 81 ;

and, of man in general, "Thou art Death's fool."—*Measure for Measure*, III. i. 11.

11 Cf.—

Love's gentle spring doth always fresh remain.

Venus and Adonis, 801.

12. Cf.—

We'll strive to bear it for your worthy sake

To the extreme edge of hazard.

All's Well That Ends Well, III. iii. 5-6.

143. (Q. 107). 1. Cf. "O my prophetic soul."—*Hamlet*, I. v. 40.

4. "Confined doom," *i.e.*, the period of life.

5-8. Allusion has here been found to the defeat of the Armada (1588), the Treaty of Vervins (1598), the revolt of Essex (1601), and the death of Elizabeth, which was followed by the release from prison of Southampton (1603). Whatever it be, Shakespeare shows little interest in it, and passes on to the old topic of eternising his friend (and himself too). His love has renewed itself (134. 1) and been strengthened (133. 1), and now looks fresh, after a period of gloomy apprehension, in a balmy season, with prospect of endless peace;—which is taken as an augury of its triumph over death. That is all this sonnet pretends to tell us.

✓144. (Q. 55). 7. "Mars his" = Mars's.

9. "All oblivious," so in the Q. ; generally hyphenated by modern editors (not by Mr. Tyler).

12. Cf.—

This great world
Shall so wear out to nought.
King Lear, IV. vi. 137-8.

This sonnet is a palpable imitation of Horace's last ode in his third book and the ending of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*. Mr. Lee points out a similar imitation by Ronsard (Ode, V. 22). The last sonnet of Bellay's *Ruins of Rome*, in Spenser's translation, may also be noted. Each of these is addressed to the poet himself, or his work. It is possible that Shakespeare was here apostrophising himself, and intended this for his closing sonnet. Accordingly, Mr. Godwin puts it last in his re-arrangement. But the "you" here appears more appropriately the "thou" than the "I" of the preceding sonnet. It is amusing that in all this effort to

eternise somebody, the name of the person concerned is never so much as mentioned even in a heading. Other sonneteers of the period, who published their own sonnets, often "eternised" their friends under fictitious names! All this was a poetical convention, and the principal object striven after was to see which could do the eternising best, with little regard to the person addressed or his or her deserts. In the choice of the person to be immortalised, however, the poets were never abashed in the presence of much greater men (in the eye of the world) than themselves. They relied on the simple truth that the fame of great men would not endure unless committed to writing; and they made the slight slip of taking their own particular kind of writing for the whole genus. Thus, for instance, Spenser did not hesitate, in one of the dedicatory sonnets prefixed to the *Facrie Queene* (1590), to write of the great Lord Howard, Lord High Admiral of England, who had fought off the Spanish Armada:—

Thy praises' everlasting monument
Is in this verse engraven sembably,
That it may live to all posterity.

But of the much less prominent and to be remembered Lord of Buckhorst, in another of those sonnets, he deprecatingly wrote:—

In vain I think, right honourable Lord,
By this rude rime to memorise thy name.

Why this difference of style? Simply because the latter was himself a poet, and in Spenser's own words, his

learnèd Muse hath writ her own recórd
In golden verse, worthy immortal fame.

As for the date of the present sonnet, Mr. Tyler shows that Shakespeare has followed, not merely the two Latin poets, but

Meres's comments on them in his *Palladis Tamia*, 1598. This sonnet, then, must have been written in or after that year.

SECTION VII.

In this, as in the other sections, the addressee is by no means always certain. Some of these sonnets may be addressed to a mere friend, some even to a mistress. Such doubtful ones are placed here only because of certain allusions in them that seem more fit in connection with a patron. There may, also, be more than one patron addressed, without our being able to distinguish them. The dates apparently range over a wide period.

✓145. (Q. 26). 1. Cf. Spenser in one of the dedicatory sonnets above mentioned, addressed to Lord Grey of Wilton :—

Most Noble Lord, . . .
Through whose large bounty, . . .
I now do live, bound yours by vassalage.

11. "Tottered," as in 42. 4.

There is some resemblance between this sonnet and the prose dedication of *Lucrece* to Southampton ; which has been taken as an argument for the opinion that *all* the sonnets were addressed to that nobleman (the "Mr. W. H." with the initials inverted) ! It is quite possible that this sonnet was a private dedication written in the presentation copy sent to Southampton. But that would prove nothing about any other of the sonnets, even in this section. If so, the date of *this* sonnet would be 1594. In line 11, Mr. Acheson finds allusion to Shakespeare's application for a coat-of-arms, in 1596. But he may have moved in that matter before

making the formal application. For sake of comparison, it is noteworthy that Spenser's dedicatory sonnet to the Countess of Pembroke, among those prefixed to his *Faerie Queene*, was little else than a poetical version of his prose dedication to her of his *Ruins of Time* (published the next year).

- ✓ 146. (Q. 38). 2, 8, 14. A hackneyed conceit in dedications, especially to women. Thus Samuel Daniel to his patroness, the Countess of Pembroke, in the dedicatory sonnet prefixed to his *Delia* (1592) :—

These my humble rimes
Which thou, from out thy greatness, dost inspire ! . . .
Vouchsafe now to accept them as thine own !
Begotten by thy hand and my desire ;
Wherein my zeal and thy great might is shown. . . .
O leave not still to grace thy work in me !
Let not the quickening seed be overthrown
Of that which may be born to honour thee !
Whereof the travail I may challenge mine ;
But yet the glory, Madam, must be thine.

10. "Rimers," so in the Q.

- ✓ 147. (Q. 23). Cf.—

Like a dull actor now
I have forgot my part, and I am out,
Even to a full disgrace.

Coriolanus, V. iii. 40-2.

9. "Looks," Capell's suggested emendation of Q. "books," recently adopted by Mr. Butler and Mr. Beeching. "Books" would be a strange term for "sonnets." Cf. Marlowe :—

His looks shall be my only library.

Dido, Queen of Carthage, III. i. 90.

9-14. Cf. Spenser :—

Yet I my heart with silence secretly

Will teach to speak, and my just cause to plead ;

And eke mine eyes, with meek humility,

Love-learnèd letters to her eyes to read :

Which her deep wit, that true heart's thoughts can spell,

Will soon conceive, and learn to construe well.

Amoretti, 43. 9-14.

12. Probably corrupt ; but no good emendation has been suggested. Perhaps the "more exprest" should be "o'erexpressed."

It is as likely as not that this sonnet was addressed to a mistress. The edition of 1640 for once gives a tolerable title, heading this "A Bashful Lover." It might then belong above between 57 and 58 (not that it must have necessarily belonged to the dark mistress). If it was addressed to a woman, "looks" in line 9 is almost certainly the right reading ; if to a patron, "books" may be correct, but only if to Southampton, referring to the two poems dedicated to him.

148. (Q. 103). 9-10. Cf.—

Striving to mend, oft we mar what's well.

King Lear, I. iv. 369.

12. "Gifts" may perhaps be intended to include reference to presents ; cf. "bounty" in 20. 11.

Possibly to the friend. Then, with 135, it would belong after 22. Possibly, also, to a woman.

The preceding sonnet excuses his *gaucherie* in the presence of the person addressed ; this one, the insufficiency of his written praises. But, of course, they are not necessarily addressed to the same person.

✓ 149. (Q. 76).

✓ 150. (Q. 78). 2, 5, and 10. Cf. 146. 2, 5, and 14.

2-4. Cf. 151. 1. Shakespeare claims to have been the first to sing the praises of *this* patron, whoever he was.

5. Cf. 4 ; also "Her eyes . . . By heaven, I do love ; and it hath taught me to rime and to be melancholy."—*Love's Labor Lost*, IV. iii. 10-14.

5 and 6. "The dumb" and the ignorant is modest Shakespeare himself ; "the learned" is the other poet specially singled out.

7. Cf. Spenser in one of the dedicatory sonnets prefixed to the *Faerie Queene*, addressed to the Earl of Essex :—

But when my Muse, whose feathers, nothing flit,
Do yet but flag, and lowly learn to fly,
With bolder wing shall dare aloft to sty [=rise].

9. "Compile" ; so again in 157. 2 ; cf.—

Longaville

Did never sonnet for her sake compile.

Love's Labor Lost, IV. iii. 133-4 ;

and Spenser :—

Whose living praises in heroic style
It is my chief profession to compile.

The Tears of the Muses, 431-2.

Thy gracious sovereign praises to compile.

Dedicatory Sonnet to the Lord of Buckhorst.

The poet in question Malone thought to be Spenser. Other early editors variously hit upon Ben Jonson, Lilly, Daniel, and Marston. Among recent commentators, Professor Minto has taken him to be Chapman; Mr. Lee, Barnabe Barnes; Mr. Wyndham, Drayton; Mr. Butler, Thomas Watson; and Mr. Godwin, Marlowe. Mr. Acheson has contributed much to the claims of Chapman; but his argument fails in one item by himself considered material: he cannot show by external testimony that Chapman courted the favour of either of Shakespeare's known patrons. The patron, however, may be some one else beside those two (and why not a patroness—say the Countess of Pembroke?). The question about the rival poet is bound up with the question about the patron: they are two unknown quantities. It is, also, here as elsewhere, always possible that the person—poet and patron (or patroness)—specially alluded to in one sonnet may be different from the person specially alluded to in another. Barnes or Spenser might have been the poet Shakespeare had in mind when he wrote the present sonnet, and Chapman when he wrote 155.

✓151. (Q. 79).

✓152. (Q. 84). As the friend's beauty did not need cosmetrical embellishments (23, 24), nor did the mistress's need false comparisons (49, 50), so the patron's worth needs only to be set down as it is, and any additional praise will only mar what is already well (148). The other poets commit the fault of trying to add praise; Shakespeare, who here in the closing couplet reproves the

patron (or patroness) for countenancing that practice, has used, and will use, only "true plain words" (153. 12).

✓ 153. (Q. 82). 6. Cf. 148. 7, and *Love's Labor Lost*, IV. iii. 241 already quoted under 51-52.

11. Cf. "A message well sympathised," *Love's Labor Lost*, III. i. 51; and—

True sorrow then is feelingly sufficed
When with like semblance it is sympathised.

Lucrece, III12-13.

✓ 154. (Q. 83). 12. Cf. 34. 3-4.

155. (Q. 86). 4. Cf.—

The earth, that's nature's mother, is her tomb;
What is her burying grave, that is her womb.

Romeo and Juliet, II. iii. 9-10;

and Lilly: "I have caused the mothers' wombs to be their children's tombs."—*Mydas*, III. i. (1592). Later (?), an unknown poet, A. W. :—

Thy womb, that all doth breed, is tomb to all.

To Time (in Davison's *Poetical Rhapsody*, 1602).

5-10. Steevens found here an allusion to Dr. Dee, who was not a poet. But Chapman in the dedication of his *The Shadow of Night*, 1594, laid claim to have "an heavenly familiar" that aided him in his writing.

156. (Q. 80). 7-10. Cf.—

The sea being smooth,
How many shallow bauble boats dare sail
Upon her patient breast, making their way
With those of nobler bulk !
But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage
The gentle Thetis, . . .

where's then the saucy boat
Whose weak untimbered sides but even now
Co-rivalled greatness ? Either to harbour fled,
Or made a toast for Neptune.

Troilus and Cressida, I. iii. 34-45.

Mr. Lee quotes part of Barnes's 91st sonnet (in his *Parthenophil and Parthenope*, 1593) as probably in Shakespeare's eye when he wrote this. The part quoted is as follows :—

These bitter gusts, which vex my troubled seas,
And move with force my sorrow's floods to flow ;
My fancy's ship, tost here and there by these,
Still floats in danger, ranging to and fro.
How fears my thoughts' swift pinnace thine hard rock !

Had Mr. Lee continued the quotation, he would have shown no reason for Shakespeare's feeling "faint" at the competition of such "a better spirit" !

Thine heart's hard rock, lest thou mine heart (his pilot),
Together with himself, should rashly knock,
And being quite dead-stricken, they should cry late,
"Ah me !" too late to thy remorseless self.

This sonnet, moreover, is addressed to Barnes's mistress. Rather might we refer to Spenser's 63rd sonnet of the *Amoretti* (about

"long storms' and tempests' sad assay . . . with which my silly bark was tossed sore"), which is real poetry, though it likewise is concerned only with a mistress. Indeed, Spenser was the only "better spirit" at the time whose competition Shakespeare need have feared. Shakespeare and Spenser are believed to have been friends. But there is not a word in these sonnets that indicates anything else than a friendly rivalry.

11. "Wrackt" here = storm-tossed ; it is said of both the boats, only one of which is supposed to be wrecked. Hence Mr. Godwin is right in objecting to the usual "emendation" of this into "wreck'd."

157. (Q. 85). 3. "Reserve" = preserve, as in the next sonnet (l. 7). "Character" = writing, as in 21. 8.

5. "Other," plural, as in 91. 8.

7. Both Barnes and Chapman, and also Spenser, called some of their poems "hymns."

9. A commentator has found in "'Tis so" an indication that the rival poet was Tasso !

158. (Q. 32). Cf. 98 and note thereto.

1. "My well-contented day" = my last day, when I shall be well contented to die.

12. Cf. "March in equipage of honour," Greene, *Menaphron*, (1589), (quoted by Mr. Lee), also imitated by Marston :—

March rich bedight in warlike equipage.

Metamorphosis of Pygmalion's Image (1598).

SECTION VIII.

There is absolutely nothing to show to whom the first four of these utterly disconnected sonnets were addressed ; and there is not a particle of reason for supposing them addressed to the same person, though, of course, this is within the range of bare possibility.

159. (Q. 77). Accompanying the presentation of a note-book. At least this is the usual interpretation (since Steevens) ; and comparison has been drawn with a sonnet of Barnes, in which the present of a mirror is more definitely referred to :—

Mistress ! behold, in this true-speaking glass,
Thy beauty's graces ! of all woman rarest !—&c.

Parthenophil and Parthenope, I. 1-2, (1593).

Another interpretation has been made by Mr. Godwin, who thinks this sonnet addressed by Shakespeare to himself, as the inscription in the blank book in which he proposed to write his sonnets ; and accordingly Mr. Godwin places it first in his re-arrangement.

2. Cf. Barnes :—

The dial ! love, which shows how my days spend.

Ib. 56. 1.

3. "These," Malone's conjecture for the Q. "the" (not generally adopted).

6. Cf. "a swallowing grave."—*Venus and Adonis*, 757.

8. Cf.—

The pilot's glass

Hath told the thievish minute's how they pass.

All's Well that Ends Well, II. i. 168-9.

20. Cf.—

Made him my book, wherein my soul recorded
The history of all her secret thoughts.

Richard III., III. v. 27-8.

14. Cf. "I had rather than forty shillings I had my book of songs and sonnets here."—*Merry Wives of Windsor*, I. i. 205-6.

Perhaps this is an early sonnet. Its unusual prosiness does not necessarily prove this, but the cross-references point this way. Perhaps, therefore, it ought to have been put earlier, but that there was no suitable connection for it, unless it went into Section I. The last line suggests that the addressee himself was a poet. If it was addressed to a patron, Pembroke would fit this requirement, since he wrote verses; but then the sonnet would be considerably later.

160. (Q. 122). Excuse for giving away some tablets which had been presented to him.

1. "Tables" appear to have been small note-books with glossy leaves, or tablets, on which notes could temporarily be jotted down and again erased after serving their turn or being copied in more permanent form. Thus Bacon in his *New Atlantis* (near the beginning) speaks of a little scroll of parchment "shining like the leaves of writing tables, but otherwise soft and flexible" (which last indicates that the tablets were hard and stiff, probably made of ivory or bone); Ben Jonson describes a nymph as being "as pure and simple as the soul, or as an abrase table," *Cynthia's Revels*, V. iii. 1st M.; Drummond says, "This earth is as a table-book, and men are the notes; the first are washen out, that new may be written in," *A Cypress Grove* (Works, vol. ii. p. 244); and we may

remember the "tabula rasa" of the philosophers. Shakespeare himself has :—

Therefore will he wipe his tables clean
And keep no tell-tale to his memory.

2 *Henry IV.*, IV. ii. 201-2.

From the table of my memory
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records.

Hamlet, I. v. 98-9.

But *cf.* also, above, 54. 2 and the notes thereto.

1-2. *Cf.*—

Thy commandments all alone shall live
Within the book and volume of my brain.

Hamlet, I. v. 102-3.

Thee,
Who art the table wherein all my thoughts
Are visibly charáctered and engraved.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, II. vii. 2-4.

These few precepts in thy memory
See thou charáctér.

Hamlet, I. iii. 58-9.

5-6. *Cf.*—

While memory holds a seat
In this distracted globe.

Ib. I. v. 96-7.

Apparently a late sonnet ; else it might be put after 56.

✓ 161. (Q. 70). 1-2. *Cf.*—

Virtue itself scapes not calumnious strokes.

Ib. I. iii. 38.

And Marlowe :—

Whose name is it, if she be false or not,
 So she be fair, but some vile tongue will blot?

Hero and Leander, 1st Sestiad.

6. "Woode of time" = courted by the world (Mr. Beeching).

7. Cf. III. 4.

14. "Owe" = own, as in 26. 10.

This sonnet cannot be addressed to the friend of former sonnets, unless after he has grown to manhood (in which case it is as much out of relation with those sonnets as if addressed to somebody else). It can hardly have been addressed to a patron; at least there is nothing to suggest this. All we know is that it is an address to some virtuous person, of good presence, who has been calumniated.

162. (Q. 87). 6. "Riches," properly singular (from the French 'richesse').

11. "Misprision" = neglect, mistake, oversight; a legal term, like several others in this sonnet.

In the Dark Lady Episode the need is felt of a sonnet bidding farewell to that faithless siren. This sonnet might fill the bill but for the high praise still heaped upon the addressee. Also it is difficult to see why so much legal phraseology should be lavished upon a woman. Yet the first and last lines sound as if addressed to a woman, the intervening as if to a man; which recalls to mind the "master-mistress" of 19 (whom some have taken to have been a law student!). But we know of no final falling out with the friend (except in Mr. Butler's interpretation of 139). Still, this may express only a temporary mood, and so might come 'after 93

(or even after 76). In the Q. it is placed as if addressed to the patron after the incident of the rival poet,—also a possibility.

163. (Q. 129). 1. Mr. Tyler compares Bacon, "the expense of spirits," *Natural History*, § 693 (not published till 1627).

2. "Lust in action" is the subject, not the predicate. For the construction cf. Wordsworth :—

The food of hope
Is meditated action.
The Excursion, ix. 20-1.

3. Cf. Petronius :—

Foeda est in coitu et brevis voluptas,
Et taedet Veneris statim peractae.
Fragmenta, xviii. ;

which was thus rendered by Ben Jonson :—

Doing a filthy pleasure is, and short ;
And done, we straight repent us of the sport.

13-14. Again cf. Petronius :—

Nemo non haec vera dicit, nemo non contra facit.
Fragmenta, xxiii.

Notice that this sonnet has no connection whatever with any other sonnet or with anything else in Shakespeare's writings. The nearest to it are some passages concerning lust in general :—

Love comforteth like sunshine after rain,
But lust's effect is tempest after sun ;

Love's gentle spring doth always fresh remain,
 Lust's winter comes ere summer half be done ;
 Love surfeits not, lust like a glutton dies ;
 Love is all trust, lust full of forged lies.

Venus and Adonis, 799-804.

If haply won, perhaps a hapless gain :
 If lost, why then a grievous labour won.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, I. i. 32-3.

Fie on sinful fantasy !
 Fie on lust and luxury !
 Lust is but a bloody fire,
 Kindled with unchaste desire.

Merry Wives of Windsor, V. v. 97-100.

Lust . . .

Will . . . prey on garbage.

Hamlet, I. v. 55-8.

For the style also *cf.*—

Love is a smoke made with the fume of sighs ;
 Being purged, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes ;
 Being vext, a sea nourisht with lovers' tears.
 What is it else ? A madness most discreet.

Romeo and Juliet, I. i. 196-200.

Things won are done, joy's soul lies in the doing. . . .
 Men prize the thing ungained more than it is. . . .
 Achievement is command ; ungained, beseech.

Troilus and Cressida, I. ii. 313-19.

Notice how much more terse is the style of this sonnet. Only the quotation from Hamlet is pitched in the same key.

164. (121). 1. Cf.—

The fault unknown is as a thought unacted.

Lucrece, 527.

9. "Reckon," apparently in the subjunctive case, = let them reckon.

14. "Reign"; Mr. Butler emends (?) this into "feign."
The occasion of this sonnet is unknown.

165. (Q. 146). 1. Cf.—

The strong base and building of my love

Is as the very centre of the earth,

Drawing all things to it.

Troilus and Cressida, IV. iv. 109-11.

2. Hopelessly corrupt in the Q., which reads—

My sinful earth these rebel powers that thee array.

Many emendations have been proposed. The one here adopted, whose author seems to be unknown, cannot be far wrong; cf.—

Besides, his soul's fair temple is defaced;
To whose weak ruins muster troops of cares,
To ask the spotted princess how she fares.

She says, her subjects with foul insurrection
 Have battered down her consecrated wall,
 And by their mortal fault brought in subjection
 Her immortality, and made her thrall
 To living death and pain perpetual.

Lucrece, 719-26.

4. Cf.—

Hang out our banner on the outward walls.

Macbeth, V. v. i.

9. 10. "Thy servant," "that," *i.e.*, the body ; cf.—

The mind shall banquet, though the body pine.

Love's Labor Lost, I. i. 25 ;

and Spenser :—

But with such brightness whilst I fill my mind,
 I starve my body, and mine eyes do blind.

Amoretti, 87, 13-14.

10. "Aggravate" = make heavier. Mr. Beeching cites S. Daniel :—

To aggravate thine own affliction's store.

Civil Wars, ii. 16 (1599).

12. Cf. "I will show myself highly fed and lowly taught."—*All's Well That Ends Well*, II. ii. 3 ;

To shame the guise o' the world, I will begin
 The fashion, less without and more within.

Cymbeline, V. i. 32-3 ;

and Ben Jonson (later) : "What a wretchedness is this, to thrust all our riches outward, and be beggars within."—*Discoveries* (sub tit. *Amor nummi*).

14. Cf.—

Had Death been French, then Death had died to-day.

1 *Henry VI.*, VI. vii. 28.

✓ 166. (Q. 66). 2-5. Cf.—

The patient dies while the physician sleeps ;

The orphan pines while the oppressor feeds ;

Justice is feasting while the widow weeps ;

Advice is sporting while infection breeds.

Lucrece, 904-8.

O, that estates, degrees, and offices

Were not derived corruptly, and that clear honour

Were purchased by the merit of the wearer !

How many then should cover that stand bare !

How many be commanded that command !

Merchant of Venice, III. ii. 41-5.

For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,

The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,

The pangs of disprized love, the law's delay,

The insolence of office, and the spurns

That patient merit of the unworthy takes,

With a bare bodkin !

Hamlet, III. i. 70-6.

Through tattered clothes great vices do appear ;

Robes and furred gowns hide all. Plate sins with gold,

And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks ;

Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw does pierce it.

King Lear, IV. vi. 168-70. (Cf. also III. ii. 81-90.)

The learnèd pate
Ducks to the golden fool; all is oblique.

Timon of Athens, IV. iii. 17-18.

8. "Disabled," here to be pronounced "disabeléd."

9. This has been thought to refer to "the edict of June, 1600, inhibiting plays and playgoers" (Mr. Wyndham).

11. "Simplicity" here=silliness (*cf.* "simpleton," "simple Simon," and Huss's "sancta simplicitas"). For its purer sense, as in "simple truth," *cf.*—

I am as true as truth's simplicity,
And simpler than the infancy of truth.

Troilus and Cressida, III. ii. 176-7.

For the tenfold succession of "And," we may notice that Spenser was likewise fond of repeating words at the commencement of lines, though he nowhere equalled this. Thus in his *Amoretti* we find "If" six times successively recurring (15), "Nor" seven times (9), and "Her" eight times (64).

These last few sonnets may, especially, have been the occasion for Charles Kingsley's writing of Shakespeare: "What are those heartrending sonnets of his, but the confession that over and above all his powers he lacked one thing, and knew not what it was, or where to find it—and that was—to be strong?"—*The Roman and the Teuton*, p. 331.

✓ 167. (Q. 30). 1. *Cf.*—

Who has a breast so pure,
But some uncleanly apprehensions
Keep leets and law-days, and in session sit
With meditations lawful.

Othello, III. iii. 138-41.

5. Cf.—

Of one whose subdued eyes,
Albeit unused to the melting mood,
Drops tears as fast as the Arabian trees
Their medicinal gum.

Ib. V. ii. 348–51.

8. "Many a vanisht sight" = many a face vanished to my sight.

✓ 168. (Q, 31). 4. "Buriéd," here trisyllabic ; dissyllabic in line 9.

5. Cf.—

To shed obsequious tears upon this trunk.

Titus Andronicus, V. iii. 152.

To do obsequious sorrow.

Hamlet, I. ii. 92.

7. Cf. "My sorrow's interest."—*Lucrece*, 1797.

Let us hope that, as Mr. Godwin believed, this sonnet and the preceding were addressed, and the last line of 166 referred, to Shakespeare's wife.

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